

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

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SFR INTERVIEWS

Philip José Farmer

The Inside Story of KILGORE TROUT
& VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL

14



SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

COVER BY STEPHEN FABIAN

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ALIENT THOUGHTS

This is embarrassing. I should be used to it, this business of making amendments, restructuring my opinions to conform to Reality, and being forcibly reminded of bad editorial habits.

Naturally I'm inclined to blame Alter Ego. There I sat before the typer staring at my beautifully written Comment on Roger Elwood, last issue. I hesitated. It seemed a bit intemperate. Should I print it? It is so much fun to smite the Wrongthinker, but....

Alter whispered into my ear (from the inside): "Go ahead, Geis. Indulge yourself. Don't analyze!"

I grinned, nodded, and let it stand.

Now is the morning after. Now is the red-face time. Now is the time to kick Alter in the ass for bad advice!

"I only told you what you wanted to hear, Geis. You can't get out of it now by cop-outing onto me. Face the music. Stand up like a man and take your medicine."

That's not what I want to hear. What the hell good are you if I can't say 'Alter made me do it'?

"The readers are hip to all that slip-the-guilt jazz, Geis."

Get lost, Alter. If I have to do it I'll do it without you smirking over my left lobe.

"Okay. I'll be down in my synapse room, sorting. Call if you need any advice."

OUT!

Now. Where was I? Oh, yes. *cringe* A valued friend among the pros wrote to note sadly again that I have a habit of making detailed judgments and personality readouts before I have facts in hand and I antagonize a lot of people for that reason. *wince* True. He also added that my really extraordinary intelligence and perceptions deserve better. *glow*

Since he is himself extremely perceptive, I respect and accept his opinion and...and... I hereby officially Confess Error. And I Revise Opinion

Based On New Facts.

Namely—

I have spoken at length with Roger Elwood twice recently, on the phone, and he is, I am happy to say, a remarkably pleasant, even-tempered, honest, and fair man. He has strong convictions as to editorial ethics which I admire. He does not push Christianity in his books. (Except in those anthologies and books published by Christian religious publishers for the Christian readership. As we noted, proselytizing in that audience is an exercise in redundancy....)

We thrashed out our points of view regarding his right to editorial restrictions. I agree that he has every right in the world to edit his books ANY WAY HE WANTS. And I have every right to disagree with his editorial policies.

'Censorship' does not apply to him. He is not a censor. If he tried to tell another publisher or editor what to print, or what not to print—THAT would be attempted censorship. What he does 'in his own house' is his business. He does not try to twist arms to get writers to write "his" way. He deals with writers as free agents.

He still feels that to criticize another person's activities or beliefs in public (print) is to in effect say "You shouldn't do that and you shouldn't think that." (With the unstated implication in the criticism that "You shouldn't be allowed to think and do those things!")

I make a distinction: I magnanimously grant everyone the right to believe anything, and to do anything they wish in the context of literature and editing and publishing. But at the same time I reserve the right to comment on public (print) action and words. That's part of communication, part of society, part of human nature.

Because Roger Elwood does not believe in criticising other writers or editors, that do not mean it is incumbent upon them to leave him untouched.

He made the point that I seemed to be attacking him personally. I think I was smiting him for being an imperfect editor. But as I reread the Comment, I can see I wasn't clear enough, and that, indeed, as is too often my failing, I overstated. My fierce joy in Doing Battle gets me into warm-to-boiling water too often. And my prejudices as an atheist reared up and took over. Confession of Loss Of Objectivity.

So let me revise.... I still don't like his editorial policy of holding some ideas, some institutions, sacred—above criticism, beyond utilization, in science fiction. And I bridle at taboos.

To me nothing is sacred. If I were putting together an s-f magazine and a superior story came in that viciously attacked personal freedom, reviled atheism, insisted vitamins were pure poison, and recommended the execution of all small-press editors and publishers—I'd buy it. And grin.



Let me correct myself: good writing is sacred. To me. Freedom of the press is sacred.

But in the real world, folks.... In the real world the publishers set the rules and they want books and magazines that will sell. That means, even in science fiction, not making too many waves, especially sexual waves that cause sensitive parents and busy-body censor types to see "filth" and "perversion" being "taught" to kids.

Because of his religious and other views, and attributes, Roger Elwood has a fine reputation among publishers; he delivers a safe, commercial product. Sometimes a superior safe, commercial product.

But his editorial policies, I think, tend to perpetuate science fiction as a mostly juvenile field. It might be said he produces adult Juveniles...or juvenile Adults.

Of course, all I've said about Roger's policies could be said about the policies of many other editors in science fiction...and in the last analysis those policies trace back to the money-men, the publishers.

I'm happy Roger took the time to call me and for being willing to give his views and feelings to me, and to discuss our differences. My being on occasion wrongheaded and opinionated has fringe benefits, sometimes.

The appearance of ALGOL #24 prompts me to write this editorial now. ALGOL is simply professionally magnificent. Undoubtedly the most professional and slick fan magazine ever, bar none. ALGOL is a prestige magazine, the kind you place carefully on the coffee table to impress your friends. And I hope that is a compliment to Andy Porter and his highly skilled Art Director, Ian Andrews.

As for THIS fan magazine...if you bought it at a bookstore you might fold it over to hide the cover, and you'd read it in the bathroom and in bed, snortling and grumping.

The cover of ALGOL is a beautiful Mike Hinge multicolor in his individual

isolated-color style. Effective and eye-catching.

SFR is black-on-newsprint, with a fine Fabian drawing of an idea I presented to him.

ALGOL is generous with space—expansive layouts, full-page art, big headings....

SFR is chintzy with space and artwork, tending to cartoons, small, utilitarian headings....

ALGOL has lotsa ads. SFR has a few.

ALGOL could be picked up by a national distributor and sell 40,000 copies if it were placed correctly, widely enough.

And yet—SFR has twice as many words as ALGOL, and is probably more interesting and valuable for reference and information and entertainment.

You pay your money and you take your choice.

Andy and I are of differing publishing philosophies, obviously. We come from different places and our destinations are different. I'm being redundant.

I shifted to this 48-page 8½ x 11 newsprint format because it's cheaper. Times is tough. The wolf, after I paid off my step-brother and step-sister in order to take full ownership of this house after my mother's death, is at the door, whining and scratching. Cutting corners and living on a couple hundred a month is now both necessary and a challenge.

But, then, I have never been comfortable with a large income. In fact, looking back, I see I've always taken steps to avoid making large amounts of money.

As of this date (7-9-75) I have \$1,000 in a savings account and about \$500 in my checking account. SFR income averages about \$20. per day. The post office has just raised 4th class book rates from 18¢ for the first pound and 8¢ for each pound thereafter, to 19¢ and 9¢. (It is typical that they totally failed to make available any 19¢ stamps, and 9¢ stamps are almost impossible to find. When I complained to the Complaint Dept. at the main post



office the man infuriatingly suggested I buy a lot of 1¢ stamps.)

My second class permit application has not been acted upon yet, so I will continue to pay 3rd class bulk rates on this mailing, I imagine. They are, they claim, overworked.

(I hear dire rumors of a postal strike next month. "Sweatshop" working conditions and speedups are charged. More money (they make about \$1200. per month now) wouldn't hurt. Ha! If I made \$1200 a month I wouldn't know how to spend it all.)

I wanted to add a heavy cover to this 48 page issue, but the mechanics of the Times Litho Print web offset operation (sixteen pages at a time, cut, folded, stapled, trimmed all in one swell foop) encourage sticking to a 16, 32, 48 or 64 page format. A separate cover would cost over \$250. more, because of separate printing, collating, etc. When I learned the cost I turned my back and quickly walked away.

To get back to ALGOL in this rambling monolog, Andy told me proudly in a letter recently that his print run for this latest issue is 3500, and he is sending 1500 to bookstores. I don't envy him. That's a lot of work. (I probably have more subscribers than he, though, and they're a lot of work.)

ALGOL is now \$1.50 per copy, retail and six issues for \$6.00 by subscription. ALGOL is published twice a year. The address is: P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Try a copy. There's a Le Guin interview, a Ted White column, articles by Jack Williamson and Brian 5

Stapleford, book reviews by Rich Lupoff, and letters.

MY PLANS for next SFR? Maybe I'll widen the columns to 2 1/2" and reduce the print size the necessary 11% to accommodate the extra words....

There'll be an interview with L. Sprague de Camp, an article about Phil Dick... God knows what else. Whatever turns up. A lot of Geis, I guess. A cover by Grant Canfield. And, yes, an interview with Keith Laumer, too. And Jon Gustafson will probably have his column here. Perhaps a review of the Bester novel recently completed in ANALOG, by George Warren, who is a man of strong opinion and choice words. We like each other.

The two short fiction pieces by Isaac Asimov and Ursula Le Guin on page 22 this issue are actually exact reproductions (with permission!) of postcards which (two of a set of eight or nine) are the brainchildren of George Hay and Miss Sandy Boyle in England.

One side of the cards is the "story" and the other side is for the personal message and address-to-whomever.

George sent me a set with the recent news that Arthur C. Clarke was so impressed with Asimov's effort that he promptly composed a 1,000 worder for the post card partnership.

If memory serves, the authors contribute on a royalty agreement.

The partnership needs a hard-working, reliable distributor or dealer in the U.S.A. Anyone interested please write Sandy Boyle, Post Card Partnership, 22 Maddox Street, London W.1., U.K.

The other post card authors are:
Brian Aldiss
Kenneth Bulmer
Ian Watson
George Hay

and one other...George sent me two copies of the Watson. There is also a card detailing Arthur C. Clarke's career.

The porn book biz ain't what it used to be. I have here an Author's

Statement from Brandon Books, they who published my last sex novel, namely A GIRL POSSESSED, a few years ago.

The total distributed was 12,276. Total sold thru 4/30/75 is 6305.

So it goes.

#

A while ago a European editor asked to see a few of my sex/sf novels published in past years. I sent his letter to the American publisher who by contract would handle the possible transactions.

The publisher's representative wrote me saying they had sent contracts to the editor.

I wrote a note back saying, 'I'm surprised that you require payment BEFORE letting an editor see books for reprinting/consideration. That a new policy or dictated by ripoffs in the past?'

He replied: 'We have had so many of our books ripped off by foreign publishers that we are very wary about these requests. In your case asked for the books by name. I therefore conclude he is familiar with the works. If I send him books now, he photographs them—or translates them, and we have absolutely nothing in writing except his interest.

'There is precious little we can do even if he signs the contracts because law suits are too expensive in foreign countries—and the amount of money you get when you win, if you win, hardly covers the legal costs much less royalties.

'It's a very hard life—'

Non-prophet religions always fail

THE ELDRITCH TWITCH

L. Sprague de Camp's biography of H. P. Lovecraft is I think a very good job. Yet he cannot keep from criticizing H.P.L. for having been unprofessional as a writer, for clinging to the pose of gentleman-of-means (when Lovecraft was poor as a churchmouse), and

for his waste of vast amounts of time writing personal letters and writing for the amateur press when it would have been better for Lovecraft and posterity to have written more fiction—especially a full-length novel.

Lovecraft had a strong 'Imp of the Perverse' in him—the old need-to-suffer and for self-destruction. Transactional Analysis would say Lovecraft was given a Script-to-live-by by his neurotic/insane mother and father, and like a good little boy, he kept to it to the end.

H. P. Lovecraft died of cancer of the intestine at age 48 in 1937, probably because of his bad diet, undisciplined and chronic use of sugar and very strong coffee, and his neglect of his health.

But we can't pick and choose the parts and aspects of people we'd like to change. That's an exercise in futility and fantasy. You gotta take people as they are (or were!); warts, flaws, beautiful smile, and all. We are indivisible.

Of course Lovecraft did change over the years...became less racist and snobbish in letters and became slightly more professional in regard to the marketing of his works, but his makeup conspired to restrict him, literarily as well as personally. His epitaph could be: IF ONLY....

H. P. Lovecraft was always a gentleman, always considerate of others—to his own harm, often. As a writer he had a narrow range, a limited but powerful style.

The final judgement isn't in yet, as to his true literary standing in American letters. He may rise more in stature...or fade, as the current interest in him diminishes. Whatever, his is an interesting, tragic, fascinating life.

The book has extensive Notes, a fairly complete bibliography, and a good Index. Many photos of Lovecraft through his life, and places. (Double-day, \$10.00)

AN INTERVIEW WITH PHILIP JOSE FARMER

Conducted at the Mid-America Con I
in Kansas City, June 1972, final
meeting of the con, Sunday

Interviewers: David Kraft
Mitch Scheele

Subsequent questions were asked by
Richard E. Geis, June 6, 1975



DAK: What are your feelings on porn novels, as in a sense, you have published such works as LOVE SONG from Brandon House?

PJF: What are my feelings on porn novels—pure pornography, you mean?

DAK: Well, pure or whatever you would call that.

PJF: Well, LOVE SONG started out to be a gothic, and it is in some sense....as I said before this started, I kinda regret having published it under my own name; at the time I wrote it, I actually thought it was you know pretty good. But when I reread it later I didn't think so. But I think that was what finally decided me to quit writing pornography anyway. Yet I really don't like to call those novels pornography because I...I had never even read one before I met Brian Kirby of Essex House. The only so-called dirty books I'd read might've been STORY OF O, and ULYSSES and TROPIC OF CAPRICORN if you want to call those dirty, and I don't. But Brian Kirby had the idea of founding a new line for this publishing company he worked for which would try and raise the literary level of the field. He had an idea that sort of anticipated what Leslie Feidler has now—you know, the mainstream critic You know him?

DAK: No, not really.

PJF: Well, maybe you should go to college (ha, ha, ha). Well now, he's probably the most prominent mainstream literary critic after Wilson...maybe next to Wilson. He's written a series of essays which appeared in quarterlies, the NEW YORK TIMES and so forth, which he collected under the title AN END TO INNOCENCE. Of those the most famous is "Come Back to the Raft, Huck, Hon-

ey" in which he analyzes some so-called homosexual elements in HUCKLEBERRY FINN. I mean, not what most people think of as homosexual. Homosexuality—he's talking about love among men, without necessarily implying any overt sex. And then he wrote LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL. Both of these collections of essays have a heavy Freudian element. He's a genuine Freudian; everything he attacks he analyzes from Freud's viewpoint. And then in '68 he wrote a book called GETTING BUSTED which retold some of his experiences when the police burst into his house and arrested him and his wife and his kids for having marijuana on the premises, not for actual possession of it—and he claims that one of these waifs, a girl that they took in, was actually an agent for the police...a very sick girl, and she'd been coming in with a two-way radio and antenna down her leg, you know, and he claims that she planted the marijuana because none of the family actually smoked marijuana themselves. And he

also told about the persecutions by the neighbors, and the insurance company cutting off its mortgage and so forth, and a lot of autobiographical stuff... It's a very interesting book. Well, the point I'm leading up to is that here's an extremely prominent mainstream critic who all of a sudden has come out with a published interest in science fiction. Now, I don't know if you read it or not, but a couple of months ago a critique of TARZAN ALIVE which appeared in the Los Angeles TIMES book review....um, I don't have a copy of it right now...he actually started out to review TARZAN ALIVE, but he reviewed my whole career. I found out he'd been interested in me since "Mother" came out. Of course, if you remember that story, it's heavily Freudian, too. And he just went through my whole career and then picked out several themes that have been predominant in my writing. And if you can get ahold of it, I'd recommend you do; actually, MOEBIUS TRIP, Ed Conner's fanzine—do you get it?

DAK: No.

PJF: It's going to print the original article, because the L.A. TIMES editor cut some of it, and it has an illustration—I think it might be by Wally Wood, it looks like his stuff...or by somebody imitating him—of a silly-looking Tarzan riding a big phallustype rocket. The original illustration for that was turned down because it showed Jane going down on Tarzan—I don't think the illustrator ever expected them to take it (Ha, ha, ha), and the title of the article is "Towards the Now Pornography," which I didn't like at all, because Feidler's original title was "Thanks for the Feast." But the drunken...well, maybe I shouldn't say drunken editor—I don't know if he was drunk or not, but he changed the title to "Towards the Now Pornography," and the editor put in a bunch of references, where Feidler had given my titles, well he put in the publisher and the price, but they were all wrong. You know, like he had THE NIGHT OF LIGHT published by Ballantine at \$1.95, when it was by Berkley at 60¢ or something like that. But anyway, what I'm leading up to is

that Fiedler was at the Nebula Awards dinner in New York—I wasn't there, but Jim Gunn told me about it; Fiedler himself told me about it, because he came through Peoria a couple weeks ago, and stopped off for a couple of hours, and he made a speech the theme of which was that science fiction and pornography are the real literatures of the future and that they should meld. That only through pornography can you actually get down to certain basic elements in human life. But the science fiction should not be a travelling companion, but that the two should actually merge. I won't go on with that, 'cause I didn't hear the whole thing, but —(static obscures speech here)—

Well, anyway, I thought here's an opportunity. I couldn't see writing straight pornography, 'cause that was the most boring thing in the world. Anybody who has done it for a knows it's the most boring thing in the world, because in the first place it's just one sex scene after another, and after a while you might.....enough variations. Most straight pornography writers aren't the least bit concerned about plot or characterization or anything because basically the mass of readers of that type of literature don't want it. And the publishers don't want it. But Brian wanted something that would be plotted and characterized and would also have a certain amount of philosophy in it. And I'd always wanted to do a novel about the kinky side of Doc Savage, and the suppressed side of Tarzan. Now when I say suppressed, I say that Burroughs suppressed it, not Tarzan. 'Cause you know that anybody that was raised in that environment would've been a little more savage than Burroughs portrayed him, and would not have a lot of our conditioning or moralistic attitudes. So I wrote A FEAST UNKNOWN. I think I pissed off some Doc Savage readers because Tarzan won the battle, but...(Ha, ha, ha). At least, Fred Cook's never spoken to me again.

DAK: Do you regard the absence of explicit sex in classic science fiction novels such as Tarzan and Conan a regrettable fault, a virtue, or what?

PJF: Well, that's just what I was leading up to, you see I think that the only legitimate use of explicit sex is to bring out characterization of people. I mean, if you're just doing it to titillate the reader, why I'm not interested in that. Now, actually pornography does have a value; I think the people that read that all the time, or mostly read it, are actually working out some of their own cravings and desires through a literary medium, see? I don't mean if they don't get ahold of pornography they're going out and commit all sorts of deeds and that sort of stuff—I don't think it hurts anything. That's all right, let 'em read it, but I don't want to write it. I got a big kick out of writing THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST and A FEAST UNKNOWN; I was getting pretty tired of it by the time of BLOWN, which is why I cut that novel short. But I don't see any real reason for it unless you are trying to show the character of people through their sexual relationships. Or in the case of maybe far-out science fiction like, well, like some of my stories, "Mother," and "My Sister's Brother," and so forth, where you're dealing with various, very strange biological mechanisms, why it's perfectly legitimate to be explicitly sexual, 'cause that's actually the only way you can put over what they're doing. Am I making myself clear?

DAK: Well, yeah, but how do you regard things like the Tarzan novels? Do you, you know, do you think they're fine as they are?

PJF: Oh, okay. I'm glad you led me back to it because I have a tendency to wander off. You mean their lack of sex?

DAK: Yeah.

PJF: Well, if Burroughs had been born in 1918 like I was, you know, he might have written them a little bit differently; he might have had more about the sexual life of Tarzan in it. But actually, well, from my own viewpoint, I regret very much the fact that he didn't go into the sexual mores of the mangani—the so-called great apes—because Tarzan's attitudes would have been conditioned by this, see? The way Tarzan

turned out, according to Burroughs, was that he had the attitudes of an upper class British peer. Well now, a lot of people laughed at that, and I used to do that too, and then I got to....one of the things I was doing in TARZAN ALIVE was trying to reconcile all discrepancies and explain things that looked like they weren't facts, or were contradictions or so forth or couldn't be, you know. And the mere fact that he didn't go into the sexual mores of the mangani allowed me to postulate that quite possibly they might have had a sort of a sexual outlook that wasn't too different from that of the British nobility. He does intimate that there was jealousy—sexual jealousy—among the mangani, which of course you find in most human males. At least, of that generation, and probably a great deal of this generation. There were wife beatings, 'cause Tarzan, when he was king for awhile, before he got sick and tired of it, had to straighten out quarrels like that, you know. And there was wife-stealing, and apparently there was a great deal of sexual proprietorship. He never really hinted that there was any adultery going on out in the bushes, you know, but I guess you can take it for granted there was because if you read BURKES PEERAGE or any account of the British nobility, why, you know there was a great deal going on then and now. BURKES PEERAGE is



just full of divorce cases, murders involving adultery. Now, did I answer your question, or not?

DAK: Well, yeah, I guess you did.

PJF: Oh, well, what I was trying to say is—I'm still not finished, you see—he did teach himself to read. And he went through his father's library and I postulate that there must have been novels there. Now, Burroughs didn't say anything about that, but he skips a lot of details, and Tarzan must have picked up an idea of how human beings were supposed to act from novels, and probably from the Encyclopedia Britannica he was reading, and the Bible, too, which they surely must have had, being Victorians planning on raising the kid. So he obviously picked up a lot of the ideal attitudes of the Victorian Era from the books he read, even if Burroughs doesn't say so. So, here you have somebody who's conditioned in his early life by the mangani, and his attitude would have been much the same, with this difference, that in every society there is always a rebel or two, right? And his intellect was far superior to the mangani, and he questioned a lot of the things, so he would not entirely have accepted all the mores of the mangani. And then when he came across the books, why then he would say "This is the way people are supposed to be." So that accounts for the reason he turned down La of Opar and the other numerous opportunities he had—if he did turn 'em down. Because Burroughs was writing for an audience that wouldn't have accepted in the first place any explicit sex, wouldn't have accepted a hero who was faithless, or who was adulterous. Does that answer your question?

DAK: Yeah.

MS: Is the St. Louis arch really Red Orc's gateway to Earth?

PJF: Hmm?

MS: Is the St. Louis arch really Red Orc's gateway to Earth?

PJF: (Ha, ha, ha, ha.) I don't remember making that statement.

MS: It looks a lot like the one depicted on BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA—di-

mensional gateway, or whatever it's called.

PJF: Oh, yeah. But I never said anything in the novels about...

DAK: Well, yeah we noticed.

PJF: It's a nice idea, but... (Ha, ha)

DAK: We noticed the conspicuous absence of mention.

PJF: Yeah. No, that was the artist's idea; however, it's a great idea, except that it only existed recently, why would there be a gateway there? You know, the gateways are ancient. Anywhere from 50,000 to 10,000 years old.

DAK: How many volumes are projected in the World of Iiers series?

PJF: The next one will probably be the last.

DAK: So that makes four...five?

MS: Five.

DAK: Five.

PJF: Let's see. THE MAKERS OF THE UNIVERSE, THE GATES OF CREATION, A PRIVATE COSMOS, BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA—yeah, five. None of those titles, by the way, are mine.

MS: The concepts of gateways to pocket universes and world of Wolff-Jadawin in particular is marvelous; how did you arrive at the idea?

PJF: Well, you know it's a funny thing, but the character Kickaha was actually created when I was going to high school. I used to write notes for fantasies and science fiction stories I was going to write, and sometimes I did write 'em, but Kickaha and the worlds projected in the first novel, THE MAKERS OF THE UNIVERSE, was actually first conceived in embryo about 1935, when I was a junior in high school. I don't have the notes now, but I drew the Babylon Tower of Babel type thing, you know, the hanging Babylonian Gardens type world with the sea at the bottom of the planet, and then you could go to the edge there, you know, and look out into empty space. And Kickaha originally was an Indian, I mean an actual Indian, that's my name for him—I put him through a few Hiawatha-type adventures and I can't remember when I actually decided to write

THE MAKERS OF THE UNIVERSE. I don't know if it was when I was reading THE BOOK OF WONDER again by Dunsany—I think that was it, but I wouldn't swear to it. Ah, I got the idea. Now, I'd been living in Arizona for a long time and maybe the idea of escaping from Arizona into some other world appealed to me because that's when I got the germ of the idea; being in Arizona and reading Lord Dunsany's BOOK OF WONDER again at the same time. And things just developed from there, only in this case, why, I had Kickaha be Paul Janus Finnegan, which is how I would like to be. I'm not that way. I'm not that way, though I'd like to be. There's—what is it—Peter Jarus Frigate in the Riverworld series, is me as I am, or maybe even worse. I don't know where the word Kickaha came from, it just seemed to spring in my mind. And it does sound like...

MS: Oh, we thought...

DAK: I thought you mentioned in a letter once that it came from Kickapoo maybe, or something.

PJF: Well, it might have. It probably did. I'm glad you reminded me of that, 'cause sometimes I forget things that other people remember.

DAK: I note quotes from P.J. Finnegan or Kickaha heading some chapters in TARZAN ALIVE; this seems to indicate the actual existence of Kickaha the Trickster. What do you have to say about that?

PJF: Oh, no...those are just classical quotations that I made up, so I decided to use P. J. Finnegan as the author (Ha, ha). After all, that's me, you know. No, TARZAN ALIVE is actually not integrated in with any of my other novels; it's separate.

DAK: Except that P. J. Finnegan does appear at the chapter headings.

PJF: Yeah, but, hmm—which P.J. Finnegan? The same way with the Riverworld; now the Riverworld, I regard that as being a world that actually exists, because I people it with people that actually existed. Of course, there are fictional characters in there, too, but I'm not trying to integrate that with anything.

DAK: Ah, incidentally, one of the reference hardcovers for the publishing industry sent us a questionnaire to fill out for the heads of our publishing group, which is just amateur, and I couldn't resist filling in the blanks, and, ah...we now get letters addressed to Paul Janus Finnegan, who is our sales manager.

PJF: (Ha, ha, ha, ha.) I like that. Oh, I sold an article called "Sex and Science Fiction" to a magazine called SEXUAL BEHAVIOR—I don't know if you have seen it on the stands or not—

DAK: Yeah, I have.

PJF: It's a sort of upper level psychological/sociological magazine; it hasn't come out yet and I don't know when it will, but they sent me a questionnaire asking me various things and what organizations I belonged to, so one of the things that I put in my autobiography was that I was a director of the Hidalgo Trading Company. You know, Doc Savage's warehouse—boathouse—airplane hanger type deal on the Hudson river. If they put that down, well, that's gonna cause a lot of consternation among the cognoscenti. (Ha, ha.)

DAK: I just can't resist getting this one in...

PJF: Okay.

OAK: How do you feel about Otis Kline's novels, his Venus and Mars books, or TAM, SON OF THE TIGER, if you've read 'em?

PJF: Oh, I read them all years ago—a lot of 'em when they appeared in WEIRD TALES and ARGOSY. I enjoyed them very much, but you know, I'm not interested in them as I am in Burroughs. As a matter of fact, I'm not even very much interested in Burroughs' Venus stories.

MS: Did you see any of the "In Search of the Nile" programs? The BBC ones.

PJF: All of 'em. I kinda got a big charge out of that; they kinda gave a one-dimensional viewpoint of Burton's character, you know, because he had a tremendous lot of things that they didn't even play at, and they sort of made him out to be a nasty character—which

he was at times—but a lot of times he wasn't, you know. But they did give him a great deal of space on that, and I kind of like the fact that it came out about the same time THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT did, because a lot of people would be reminded of that and plus the fact that of course this points out Burton, during his lifetime, had been searching for the headwaters of the Nile and in the Riverworld, why, he's trying to get to the headwaters of the river.

DAK: Could you explain briefly the many, ah, stories behind your Riverworld series and how it, you know, the first novel was written and then rejected, and so on? Well, not rejected, but accepted.



PJF: I wish it had been rejected. Well, it's a long story; briefly, what happened was that Earl Korshak was owner and publisher of Grayta, which published a num...it was a specifically science fictional publishing house, and let's see, I believe he published Duster's ((Bester's?)) first novel, and Raymond Jones' THIS ISLAND EARTH, a collection of short stories by John Campbell, and a book by Murray Leinster, MURDER IN MILLENIUM VI ..or something like that by Curme Gray—have you ever read it?

DAK: No.

PJF: Well, if you ever get ahold of it read it, because it was about forty years ahead of its time. Oamon Knight gives a critique of it in IN SEARCH OF WONDER, if you have a copy of that.

DAK: Yeah, I do.

PJF: Read what he says about that. It's a real strange novel, and it's still far ahead of what anybody else has written. And the technique, his literary style and his approach to the subject—a difficult book to read, but worth it.

Well, anyway, Korshak went to pocket Books—which had money; he didn't have much—and found this big international fantasy novel contest, which if I remember correctly the award would be...I can't remember if it was four thousand or five thousand—doesn't matter, I didn't get much of any of it ...and he would publish the winner in hardcover, then Pocket Books would pub-

lish the softcover edition, see? And he handled the whole thing.

Well, I found out about the contest a little over a month before it closed, and at the same time I got this idea for the Riverworld novels, with Burton, you know, so I sat down and wrote about 140,000 to 150,000 words in one month. I rapped 'em out, and Betty and a couple of her friends retyped it. Just got it in under the wire, and then Korshak told me I'd won; he called up, and so forth.

About a month passed, and then they called me up to Chicago to get the check ... and a guy by the name of Lewis who was Sinclair Lewis' nephew, and was vice-president of Pocket Books, was there, too. So they had the newspaper photographers in and I was passed a 10

check; I look at it, and it's blank. Korshak says, well don't worry, there's a few difficulties come up; so I talked to him afterwards, and he said that the book had won but they wanted some re-writing done on it, and he was withholding the check until then, but he would give me a couple hundred dollars.

Well, I was pretty naive then, and I didn't have an agent, and he insisted I come up alone; he didn't want my wife to come up with me, and I think he didn't because he realized she was a lot shrewder than I was (Ha, ha). She would have known something strange was going on.

So I went back and it turned out the rewrite had to be pretty extensive, and he kept feeding me a hundred dollars now and then, just barely keeping me going, but I was so busy on the re-writing, couldn't write anything else. So finally I rewrote the novel and turned it in and then a long time passed, and finally I get the stunning news that Pocket Books doesn't like this rewrite and they want another one—they'd rather go back to the original version and polish that up.

So, I'd gotten an agent by then, but then I was so heavily in debt from writing this and not being able to write other stuff that eventually it resulted in our losing our house and everything else, and wrecking my career. I gave up writing full time and went back to work.

Well, what'd happened, according to the agent, was that Pocket Books had had no idea that the first novel wasn't satisfactory. Korshak had kept putting them off with all sorts of excuses, and they kept wondering when the hell they gonna get the novel, and he kept putting 'em off with one excuse or another. So finally the agent went to Pocket Books, and found out what was going on, and Pocket Books really blew its top, you know, because they'd given Korshak the prize money and he hadn't passed it on to me.

What'd happened was, that he was promoting a big make-up book by this Hollywood expert, what was his name, Powers? And he'd sunk all his money into that and it didn't get any place, 11

and he didn't have any money; meantime, John Campbell found out accidentally that Korshak was publishing a collection of his short stories, and the only reason he found out was that Korshak asked Ted Sturgeon to write a foreword to this collection—so Sturgeon thought it was a good idea, and he called up and said, "Hey, John, how about this?" and John said, "Well what about this?"

Murray Leinster sued Korshak, because he didn't pay him. Raymond Jones didn't get the movie money.

(Tape expired and had to be turned over here, while the conversation went on.)

PJF: ...in San Francisco, you know, and if he sued ya...

MS: Can't sue an amateur publication.

DAK: It's been done.

PJF: I don't think he dares say anything to me, because he knows if I can find out where he is I'll try to throw him out the window. Well, in addition, I had a contract to do THE LOVERS, and let's see now, who is the artist who did the cover—he used to do a lot for FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION—Mel ...um...you don't remember a Mel, do you?

DAK: Well, the name Mel Hunter comes to mind.

PJF: Yeah. Oh man, he did a fabulous painting. It would've been just, just great. But when I found out about the other deal, why we cancelled that, plus the fact that he didn't publish the book anyway, so the contract ran out. But then, a couple years later I got a plaintiff letter from an Argentine outfit which had bought the book from him and never got the manuscript, and given him the money, when the money should've come to me to begin with. While he had no right to sell it. And there were a number of other deals like that. Let's see, where the hell was I? Oh yeah, I think he kept the painting, but... (Ha, ha, ha).

DAK: So then what did you do with the Riverworld novel, just store it away?

PJF: Yeah. I just put it away. And then years later, I took it out—I took it out now and then, and looked at

it—years later, why, I sent it to Fred Pohl, and he read it and he thought it was a terrific idea, but he thought it'd be a lot better if I were to write a series, because he said actually the concept was really too big to be put into one novel. And, I agreed with him so—in the original novel I'd started twenty years after Resurrection Day... all sorts of things going on, with the steam boat, or not steam boat, riverboat, coming up...and I thought, well, I'll start even before Resurrection Day, you know, start right from the beginning and then work up and if I can do it in the whole series, well, that'll give me scope to work out a lot of ideas. So that's the way it started out. And the next Riverworld novel's supposed to be the last, except: I'm going to be writing a number of subsidiary novelets on the side dealing with ideas and issues I won't have space to develop in the novel. You know, like Tom Mix meets Karl Marx and finds him a slave and I can show Marx's reaction to what happened to his ideas on Earth, and how he's changed, like everybody changes, on the Riverworld. If they have any capacity for changing. And I want to develop some...I want Mix to meet one of the famous artists and portray the problems of an artist on the Riverworld, or where there aren't too many pigments to paint with, for instance. Or the musician who doesn't have any means for the violin, for instance, or a saxophone...anything like that, the musical instruments are very crude there. And I want to go into not only political and economic ideas, as exemplified by Marx, but by others; I would like to have Mix meet the real life Dracula, you know, the one who was actually the model for the vampire; he's probably even more horrible than the real Dracula.

DAK: So then you plan one last novel that's gonna tie it up, and then a series of stories?

PJF: Yeah, well, it'll be open in the end...in the idea that it could go on to another planet, but I don't know if I'll do it or not. Did I tell you, or somebody else, the other night—maybe I told Ken Keller—that last year I was pretty sick and wasn't feeling very

well and didn't know if I'd make it or not, so I wrote to Roger Zelazny and asked him if he would write the last Riverworld novel if I didn't make it. So, he agreed to do that. But then, it looks like I might make it; well, it would be interesting to see what he'd come up with... 'cause he's the guy I picked to do it. 'Cause Zelazny is not only a poetical writer, but he's a damned good adventure writer, too.

DAK: Well, I think that's what I, you know, that's what I enjoy... I, I've always leaned toward adventure writing. More so than, oh, K.M. O'Donnell's things, or something.

PJF: Mm, hm. Well, I like both types. I get a big kick out of doing adventure novels, the only thing is that, having done a lot, why, I tend to be put down by a lot of critics, you know, for...

DAK: Yeah, they do.

PJF: 'Cause I'm dealing in commercial subjects, but what the hell? I get a big kick out of them.

DAK: Do you have any new series' in the works?

PJF: Well, I do to this extent, that Putnam's is going to put out a quarterly hardcover book, which will have about ten different authors, each with his own series. ((CONTINUUM 1, 2, 3 so far.)) And the first book will come out... the ten authors, and start off with each character as developed by the author, you know, and then they'll continue his adventures in the next book, and so at the end of the year you have four books like that. If it's success-

full, well probably a second year. I don't have much idea yet of what I'm gonna do. But I have to make up my mind soon, 'cause I have to turn 'em in.

DAK: Sounds like a good idea.

PJF: Oh, I think it'd be a good idea. Depends on how it works out. But then you can pick up a book there, you know, where you got ten serials going at once. That's edited by Roger Elwood.

MS: Have you met Fritz Leiber, and what do you think of his...

PJF: Oh, I met Fritz quite a few times. I lived out in L.A., you know, for about five years. Fritz, he's a great writer, one of the ten greatest in science fiction, I would say. You don't agree—I can see you're smiling...

MS: No, I was just wondering, you know... ah... ten, ten great writers, eh?

PJF: Yeah, well don't ask me to list them (Ha, ha, ha).

MS: Well what's your background in science? You have a science background?

PJF: I don't have an academic one; I took a number of science courses in college, but not too many. But I was an electro-mechanical tech writer for the defense/space industry for about sixteen years, you know. I went to Syracuse and hired on, and they took me because I was an English major and a science fiction writer, and then I tackled electronic theory on my own during the evenings and so forth, and managed to do all right. As a matter of fact, when I was in Arizona, why I was analyzing schematic diagrams of whole systems but it was a lot of sweat, and... ah... I don't really like the stuff. I was glad to get out of tech writing; I thought it was pretty deadbeat most of the time.

DAK: You mentioned that you keep a pretty full writing day...?

PJF: Yeah, it used to be about from eight to twelve hours, sometimes fourteen, but now it's about six and a half most of the time.

DAK: Ah, do you eat goodies while you work—I mean, do you have...

PJF: No, I don't eat while I'm at work,

or drink.

DAK: Just work straight.

PJF: Well, I take off time for lunch, a bicycle ride, read or something; the only thing is, I have a hell of a lot of correspondence, and I'm always way, way behind on that... and sometimes just never catch up. But I can't afford to hire a secretary, and when I'm through writing at the end of the day, I would like to write letters, mainly because I like to get letters, but it's hard to force myself to do it. Occasionally, I'll take a day off from my regular writing and just write letters, but even so I never catch up. I just hope the people who write me realize that; of course, I've written other writers and never been replied to, but I don't get pissed off at them because I know what they're up against. But some writers, now, Bob Bloch, for instance, he always replies to his mail, but he can keep it down maybe to a postcard, you know, and he rattles one off. I can't discipline myself that way; Silverberg himself once said that he used to spend a couple of hours every evening writing letters and finally he just got tired of it and quit. You can't blame him; I mean, you get tired of sitting at that typewriter and using up all the time that you should be reading or tending to family affairs or whatever.

DAK: Do you have any novels... ah... right now that are ready to be printed or are going to be published?

PJF: Pardon me if I pause, because I'm not always... I've got so many things going sometimes. Ah, well I'm finishing up the Doc Savage biography, but that won't be published until next spring. Do I have any new novels coming out soon? It might seem funny to you that I have to stop and think, but when you've been turning 'em out pretty fast... Offhand, I can't think of any. I'll be writing a novel about Phileas Fogg after I get through with the Doc Savage thing, and that'll probably come out in about four months from then, maybe November or December. Well, I can't think of anything right now. I have a lot of novels I have to write (Ha, ha, ha).

DAK: Yeah, I was just going to ask you



if you're going to be continuing the Grandrith series for Ace?

PJF: Ah...oh...see, Wollheim moved, right?

DAK: Yeah.

PJF: And he founded the DAW. Fred Pohl moved in; now Fred Pohl doesn't like adventure stuff like that.

DAK: So that means no.

PJF: Well, not necessarily. 'Cause, ah...

MS: It could go to DAW.

PJF: Well, yeah, I've got something going there too, but, ah, I asked Don about it and he was receptive to it, but Fred Pohl did agree to at least one more. And this'll be where Doc Caliban meets the Cthulhu Mythos...that originally wasn't my idea, was it Tim Crock-er, or his friend?...anyway, I got a letter, and this fellow had a dream in which Doc Savage was involved with Cthulhu monsters, and he wrote to me and said he thought it'd be a good idea if I wrote a Caliban novel...

DAK: It does seem like a good idea.

PJF: And I rejected it at the time; then I got to thinking about it, later, and I thought, well, you know, I think I could work that out pretty good, so I wrote back and said fine, I think I'll go ahead and do it. So I've already submitted an outline to Pohl, and even though he doesn't like that sort of stuff—he claims it doesn't sell well; and of course I claim that you can't really believe...or at least you couldn't believe Ace royalty statements. Now, I'd just as soon you didn't put that down in the fanzine—it's true...

DAK: Well, I'll...I'll edit this for that.

((REG Note: Phil has given me permission to leave it in.))

PJF: ...it's true—or it was true. It may not be anymore. So I don't know whether stuff like that sells well or not, but...ah...he did say of course that they'd make a profit off of it; they wouldn't make a big profit. But he's ah...he agreed to do it, but I don't like to push an editor; if he

doesn't really want to do it, why, I'd rather go someplace else, so I approached Don Wollheim on it, and he's receptive to the idea although he hasn't agreed to do it yet. I have to wait until about four or five other novels are written before I can get around to that.

DAK: Will your last Tiers novel be coming from Ace, then, or is that unclear, too?

PJF: No, it'll be coming from Ace because I owe it to them on a contract, and I told Fred you know that, well, I couldn't really force him to do it, I said, but you really should do it because you've been doing the series and it might be a little difficult to get some other publisher to do the last book in the series, and he said "okay"; anyway, I did have the contract to do it.

DAK: Ah, we saw some of the Tiers books from a different publisher, now..

MS: Sphere...Sphere Books.

PJF: Oh, well that's England. That...that's legitimate. Well, no, what I want to do after I get the last Tier book done, is to, ah, go over and do some rewriting...chop BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA about one third and then re-write that considerably, and then see if I can get the...all of them in a boxed volume. I'm going to push that idea after I write the last novel. I think that might sell well, if people'd be receptive to that.

DAK: Well, Finnegan is my favorite character of yours.

PJF: Oh, thank you; he's one of...he's really my favorite, if you want to get down to it, in some ways. (Ha, ha.) I have a lot of fun with him. Getting him in... the first place, I usually have a technique of getting him into a situation he can't possibly get out of, and then trying to figure out how he could do it.

DAK: For instance, when he was in the shafts and having hot water shot up on him. I thought that was really nice.

PJF: Well, thank you. And when I wrote THE GATES OF CREATION, that wasn't my title...what the hell was it?...



well, doesn't matter, I had a lot of fun there, with Wolff getting into all those traps and passing back and forth and trying to dream up stuff. Now, the idea for the tempus fugers, these little animals that could, if you remember, hop back and forth in time a few seconds? I thought of that years ago, didn't have any place to put it, and so when I wrote THE GATES OF CREATION I thought, well, here's a good place. 'Cause they had to eat something and how you gonna catch an animal that can hop back and forth in time?

DAK: Well, I guess you...

PJF: Well, writing science fiction can be a hell of a lot of intellectual fun, and emotional too. And I think that's one thing a lot of critics of science fiction overlook. Ah, Lem...you know, what is it, Stanislaw...no, it's not Stanislaw. Stanley Lem?

DAK: I think it is Stanislaus.

PJF: Maybe it is. Well, anyway, Lem—the Polish writer and critic—and... ah...this Austrian, all I can think of is Rottenberry...Rotten...Rottensteiner; they take too serious an outlook toward it, they just never consider the fact that it's a sort of intellectual and emotional joy, not only to write it, but to read it, you know. It's got good stuff. Er, the adventure stuff—there's no reason to look down on adventure fiction, because you can use your imagination there just as widely and deeply and as colorfully as you can in any other type of science fiction story. Building up your imaginary worlds and taking them through the adventures—if it's well done...you 13

know, if you got a lot of gusto.

DAK: Well, I guess we've taken up more than fifteen minutes.

PJF: Yeah...oh, goodnight, is it really eleven? I thought...when did we come up here, ten?

DAK: Ten-fifteen, I think. So that's a pretty long fifteen minutes.

PJF: Yeah, I'm supposed to be leaving...ah...well, I'll never make it. But I've gotta go down to the art show first, and, ah, pick up Vern, 'cause he's gonna take us over to his house.

COMMENTARY ON THE KRAFT INTERVIEW BY
PHILIP JOSE FARMER

'Dear Dick:

July 10, 1975

This interview was done a long time ago. In fact, I'd forgotten about it; I was startled when you sent me a copy of it. As is evident, I was half-loaded at the time (after all, this was during a convention). The literal transcription of this so-called interview makes me look like a real midwest cornball. (Which I may be.) At first, I was thinking of refusing to let it be printed. Then I thought, no, that wouldn't be right, after all Kraft did go to all that trouble. Second, I thought of revising it somewhat, expunging all those "you knows", which is a phrase I hate and don't ordinarily use. You know. Also, I could do some rewording, make my answers more coherent, give the background to some of the questions so that readers unfamiliar with my work would know what the hell we were talking about.

'But this would take away from the pungency and the reality. Besides, I just did not have the time to do this. Actually, I don't have the time to answer your questions. That isn't quite true. I could do this some evening after work. But I just can't sit at the typewriter after writing fiction all day and then write letters. Just can't do it. So I take a day off now and then from fiction writing and get my correspondence out. So, since I promised you I'd do the interview, here goes.

'You asked me if the references to Ace should be expunged. These were made in June, 1972, but the situation with Ace still hasn't been cleared up. You'll remember that the Science Fiction Writers of America held a meeting with Ace representatives at the Discon. The result was an announcement by the SFWA that Ace had settled everything to everybody's satisfaction and that it was O.K. for writers to submit stuff to

Ace, etc.

'What happened was this. The writers at the meeting were asked if Ace had settled their grievances. Those writers who had had dealings with Ace said that everything was now hunky-dory. I don't know how many were at the SFWA meeting or how many there were Ace writers. Not many, I would guess.

'So, I, along with the other memb-

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ers, read in the SFWA FORUM that the SFWA and Ace had straightened out grievances and everybody was satisfied. Which caused me to say, "Bullshit!" Ace hadn't settled with me. As far as I knew, it hadn't settled with Thomas Burnett Swann or with Andre Norton. And God knew how many others.

'And that was when I agreed with you, Dick, that the SFWA meetings at the worldcons shouldn't be allowed to settle matters which involve all the members. There are about thirty or so attendees at the SFWA meetings at these cons, and these decide matters which should be put to the vote of all the members. Specifically, you objected in your publication to a few members deciding what to do with Cohen. This was done at the Torcon, where I was present and guilty as charged. Since then reflection and the Discon business have convinced me that you were right to protest. A handful of members should not decide policy or action for the majority. It was wrong for this handful to proclaim that all the members' grievances against Ace (real or imagined) had been satisfactorily settled.

'In my own case, my claim against Ace was not settled at the time of the Discon meeting. Some months later, my agent was still pressing the suit of his many clients against Ace. This was being done through negotiations, which failed. My agent then threatened a lawsuit, court action, and Ace admitted that it was remiss in delivering royalty statements and royalty checks due. I finally got statements and checks overdue by some four or five years. However, there was some question about reprints not being reported, and Ace and my agent are negotiating on that.

'From what a former employee of Ace tells me, the trouble with Ace is not due to dishonesty but to financial troubles caused by Ace becoming part of a conglomerate. The money that should have gone to pay science-fiction authors due royalties went instead to buy books by authors with big names, books that would presumably bring in great amounts of money. But it took much money to get them, and so the s-f writers were deprived of their due share.

'At least, that is what the former Ace employee alleges happened.

'Ace claims to be working its way slowly out of this mess. Indeed it may be. But the point I'm trying to make is that the SFWA should have made sure that all its authors had been satisfied in the Ace affair. It could have been asked through the FORUM for all dissatisfied writers to send in a complaint before a certain date, thus giving the officers time to prepare for the meeting with the Ace representatives.

'On the other hand, would this have done any good? If the SFWA had confronted Ace at the Discon with a long list of unsatisfied Ace writers, what then? What could the SFWA have done besides recommend that the SFWA (unofficially) boycott Ace?

'I was not able to get any action in the Ace business until my agent threatened to sue on behalf of his clients (the total amount in question being \$16,000). And the business still isn't settled, since, as I said, there is a question of unreported, or unadmitted reprints.

'It was my agent's action, not the SFWA's, that did get something done in this case.

'I'm not burrapping the SFWA, just pointing out certain limitations of its use and policy. God knows the officers of the SFWA have worked their asses off for nothing except their sense of devotion and mostly blame from nonparticipating members. And the SFWA has done much good, been of benefit to its members in many cases. All I'm saying here is that the action and policy making of the organization should not be carried out in important cases by a small group at a worldcon.

'I didn't mean to get carried away, Dick. I started out to say why I didn't feel it necessary to elide the remarks re Ace from the interview. Also I wanted to bring the history up to date.'

'Just received today a letter from my agent re the Ace situation. Everything has been cleared up satisfactorily after long negotiation. Ace will be reprinting the first three of the Wolff-Kickaha series, and I will be writing the long-delayed fifth, THE LAVALITE WORLD, for Ace.'

REG: What is the status of the final Riverworld novel?

PJF: The third RW novel is about three-quarters done. I hope to get it finished by late September. It is a very long Ms; I may cut it down considerably. It's tentatively titled ALICE ON THE RIVERWORLD or ALICE MOVING UNDER SKIES. These may not be used at all. The reason for these titles is that originally the action was to be seen through Alice Pleasance Liddell 'Hargreaves' eyes, through her viewpoint. But there are now long sections in which she doesn't appear, so the viewpoints of other characters also appear. Burton and Clemens are united in this book, so are some others who appeared in the first two RW novels. But a number of new people play big parts. It's a complicated book, since there were many mysteries in TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO and THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT, and all have to be explained, integrated, made consistent, and all that sort of stuff.

There must be a tremendous amount of interest in the RW trilogy. For several years now I've been getting letters and phone calls from all over the country, about a dozen letters a week and two to four phone calls a week, from people who want to know when in hell the third book is coming out. It would have been done sooner, but I got into a hassle with Putnam's about its length and whether or not it should be the final one in the series. I finally won out; I can make the book as long as I want to; and I don't have to finish the series. But this will have an ending which will seem to be definite, final, all finished. Thus, if I don't want to write any more RW's, I don't

have to. If I do so wish, I can reveal in the fourth that the explanation for the RM was only half-told. Something like that. Sneaky.

REG: Have you noticed any trends—emphasis on certain themes, ideas—in your fiction over the past few years? Is Freudianism as strong as before?

PJF: No to the first question. I haven't noticed anything, but then that is a question for the literary analysts to answer.

Actually, Jung and Levi-Strauss have always been more prominent in my works than Freud. Somehow, people pick out the Freudian elements and overlook, or ignore, the Jung and Levi-Strauss. Maybe it's because the latter two are presented more subtly. Nor has anyone remarked on Joseph Campbell's and Robert Graves' influence on me.

REG: Has your work day changed since it was described in 1972?

PJF: Not much.

REG: What is your current view of the state of science fiction? Are too many writers tending to short-change readers in old-fashioned dramatic values?

PJF: I can't speak authoritatively on contemporary s-f because I don't read enough of it. Who does? Even you, Dick, who gets a big shitpotful of s-f every month to review, must read only a very slight percentage of the flood that roars out every thirty days. When I was young, I could read all the magazine and book s-f that appeared monthly, reread my favorites, and have plenty of time for mainstream, detective, adventure fiction and the many types of non-fiction I enjoy reading.

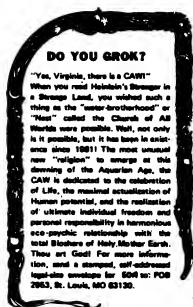
But now! If I attempted to read only half of the monthly output, I'd have no time for any other kind of literature, and I still could not get through the half-mass of s-f. So, for years I have read only a little s-f, dipping here and there, trying this and that. My reading in s-f has become specialized, and this, I fear, is the way most s-f readers have taken.

From what I've seen of a lot of new writers, short-changing the readers in

old-fashioned dramatic values is popular among them. But so what? The readership of s-f is big enough so that these writers have their own following and those who don't like them have plenty of other authors to turn to. The whole field is fragmented and specialized, and unto each his own.

What you're worried about, I suppose, is that new readers will be turned off if they encounter these short-changers. I doubt that.

Mainstream readers aren't turned off mainstream because they come across mainstream writers they don't like. They go on to the next writer. This is the same way in s-f. He/she picks and chooses and finds what pleases him/her and settles for that.



REG: How has your world view changed since 1972? Are you more cynical about Mankind? Optimistic?

PJF: Rationally, mentally, I'm a pessimist. Somatically, genetically, instinctually, I'm an optimist. Generally, when I'm writing fiction, my cells triumph over my mind. Optimism burgeons; there's always a silver lining in the stormclouds, or silver iodide being seeded in the clouds. But when I consider humankind rationally, I can't see any particular reason why it should survive and I can see a lot of reasons why this planet would be better off without it. If there is no life after death, then this life, this whole universe, in fact, is meaningless. Ab-

solutely meaningless. On the other hand, I can't see any reason why such miserable unhappy vicious stupid conning greedy narrow-minded self-absorbed beings should have immortality. I feel this way when looking at human-kind en masse. When considering individuals, then I feel, yes, this person, that person certainly deserves another chance. If life could be extended, maybe all people would deserve immortality. At least, they'd live long enough to demonstrate their potentiality for change. This life on this planet is too short, too crowded, too harried, too beset.

Then I think, what do I know? Being human, I'm a dumbshit.

REG: Several years ago as Guest of Honor at a science fiction convention you gave a speech titled REAP in which you warned of the coming death of the oceans. Do you feel as strongly about it now? How far along is the process of killing the life-chains in the seas?

PJF: Cousteau gives fifty years or less as the time the oceans have before becoming so polluted they will die. This observation is based on what he's seen on the surface and below during his explorations all over the world. It's an eyeball estimate unbacked by scientific data. Or by a long-range study by scientists. However, Cousteau and many others do know approximately how much sulphuric and nitric acids, oil, mercury, and industrial wastes are being poured into the oceans and will continue to be poured—unless the dumping is somehow stopped. And there is no indication that this will be stopped until it becomes evident that the oceans are dying. By which time the process will be irreversible.

However, Fred Pohl maintains that within 25 years we will run out of fossil fuels, and practically all industries and transportation will stop. Which means the collapse of civilization and starvation and deaths in the billions and reversion to savagery. Which will give the oceans a chance to cleanse themselves. And we can start all over again. Pohl doesn't take so grim a view; he seems to think we'll somehow muddle through. I don't agree

because we just don't have time to switch to other fuels for industries and transportation. You couldn't build enough nuclear power plants, solar cell fields and devices and electric cars in the short time allotted.

Let's say that the fossil fuels do last for fifty years. Then the pollution of oceans continues. Eventually, the phytoplankton which supply about 75 to 85% of our oxygen die. And so does all oxygen-breathing life. However, thank God for the however, the cutting off of the oxygen may not be so swift that it will strangle all life within a year or so. It may be slow enough so that civilization collapses, most of mankind is starved off, the man-made pollution ceases, the oceans, vast self-regulatory devices are allowed to resume their natural functions, and while humankind struggles up from savagery, the oceans, the forests, the plains restore themselves.

So, you see, I am basically an optimist. But I feel bad for the young. They're the ones who will be suffering when the time of Troubles comes. My grandchildren, yours, all the babes and little children of today will be adults when this happens. And they'll starve or choke to death.

This is, of course, just a scenario. I could be wrong and hope I am. It is not that pollution can't be cleaned up and preventive measures taken. It can be done, has been done. The Thames is an example; San Francisco Bay (according to Paul Anderson) is another. But these are isolated examples. Overall, pollution goes its not-so-mercurial way, and when economics and environment tangle, environment suffers.

REG: What kind of government will we have in the United States in the year 2000?

PJF: If the oceans do indeed get very sick, then there will be no national government anywhere. The only governments will be strictly at the local level, subject to violent change at any moment.

If we (all nations) manage to stop polluting the oceans, and if Pohl's prediction of the sudden cessation of

fossil fuel supplies is wrong, then we'll still have civilization. But the U.S. will be short on fuels nevertheless, though it will be frantically building nuclear & laser power stations and immense fields of solar cells (in Arizona, Nevada, etc.) Rationing of fuels and materials will be required, and to do this the government will become more authoritarian, more rigid, more bureaucratic. This will be done in the name of a fair deal for all, but corruption and favoritism will be as widespread as it has always been (in every nation and throughout history). We'll have some sort of fascist-socialist state in effect, though the pretence of democratic principles will be kept up. There will be a reaction to the liberalism of the past twenty years



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(it's evident already), and the present permissiveness will be swept out. The death penalty for murder will be restored and used to the fullest extent possible. The situation will cause the president to declare martial law; constitutional rights will be suspended for the time being—a long time-being. The present high regard for the civil rights of accused criminals will evaporate. A share of the ever-increasing taxes will be used to build and maintain concentration camps for convicted criminals and for the expanding police system (national, state, local).

In 2025, however, the techniques of technology, the advances of science, the (hopefully) dwindling population, will have solved the problem of power

and of transportation. Political power will be in the hands of whatever party happened to be in the saddle when the emergency requiring the suspension of the constitution happened. This party won't want to give up its power. (No group in power ever voluntarily relinquishes it. Only a very naive person or an emotionally stupid person—like Karl Marx—would believe that a state would willfully wither itself away. It's easier to believe in the Second Coming.) There will be struggles, riots, bloody confrontations. And eventually, after a revolution, the restoration of a democratic government and the constitution. No Utopia, though. Plenty of problems, some of which no person now living could possibly foresee.

REG: A NEW YORK TIMES Book Review columnist received a letter from a well-known science fiction writer in Peoria which stated that he (the Peoria writer) had taken the pseudonym of Kilgore Trout, with Kurt Vonnegut's permission, and had written VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL. Are you that writer? If so, can you tell why you wrote the novel, and why using the cover of Kilgore Trout?

PJF: Yes, I am Kilgore Trout. I revealed that publicly for the first time in May during the SF: Its Peculiar Inputs program, which was part of the UCLA Extension Course, Ten Evenings Down a Rabbit-Hole, ramrodded by Harlan Ellison.

I am, unlike you, Dick, a rabid Vonnegut fan, and my favorite Vonnegut character is Kilgore Trout. He appears in GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER, SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, and BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS. I don't suppose that any reader of your rag doesn't know what sort of person this sad-sack science-fiction author is or what kind of miserable obscure bitter life he's led. So I won't describe him.

Suffice it that I love the old man and identify strongly with him. I, too, have... Well, skip it. So, one day, while reading that part of GBY, MR which describes VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL, undoubtedly the most famous of Mr. Trout's works, I was struck with inspiration. Here we have Rosewater

picking up a copy of VENUS from an airport bookstand. He reads the blurb and he looks at the photo of Trout on the back. We are given a sample of Trout's prose and tantalizing references to the queen of the planet Shaltoon and the Space Wanderer.

"Jesus," I thought. "Here's Trout, author of 117 novels and 2000 short stories. The titles and basic plots of yea—many are given in Vonnegut's three books. Everybody assumes he (Trout) is a fictional character. But what if, in the future, somebody did stop at an airport bookstand and lo and behold! did pick up a copy of VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL? With blurb and photograph and, of course, a biographical introduction and a short bibliography?"

If you've read my biographies of Tarzan and Doc Savage and my novel on Phileas Fogg and a dozen other associated items, you'll note that I have had a tendency in the past few years to blur the distinction between reality and fantasy. I insist, and come close to proving, that some people thought of as fictional are in fact real. My next step will be to insist, and prove, that some people thought of as real are in fact fictional. But that's another story.

So—I would write VENUS as "Trout!" All fired up, I wrote Vonnegut and asked him permission to do this. I wasn't entirely unknown to him, since I'd sent him a copy of Ed Connor's MOEBIUS TRIP, containing my "The Obscure Life and Hard Times of Kilgore Trout." But I received no answer. So I wrote again after several months. At that time I did not know that Vonnegut answers very little of his mail. No reply. A few more months. Another letter to V. No reply.

In the meantime, I contacted Dell (David Harris was then editor there) and submitted my project. David got the big brass interested in it, but it was up to me to convince Vonnegut. Dell gave me his phone number, and I called him. Not without trepidation, since after all he was the world-wide celebrity and extremely wealthy author and I was only an obscure science fiction author whose career paralleled Trout's.

I, too, had seen hard times and heard the midnight chimes while burning oil.

Vonnegut answered his phone on the ninth ring. Yes, he had heard of me. Somehow, this admission sounded as if sinister implications were lurking in it. Yes, he'd read my proposal. Why should he let me do it? I replied that I identified very strongly with Trout. He said he did too. I said it would be a lot of fun to write and fun for the readers, too, to find a novel by someone they had thought was fictional. He wasn't so sure about that. What if people thought it was a hoax and blamed him? That rather flabbergasted me since I had assumed that everybody would know it was a hoax and if they didn't, what difference did it make? Lots of writers use nom de plumes.

"Look," I said. "I have read your BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS in galleys. Dell sent them to me. You gave Trout his freedom at the end of the book. You said he would become respectable and get a respectable publisher and gain literary recognition. In fact, he'll win the Nobel Prize in 1978. The important thing is that you have set him free. So why not let him really be free? Let him bring out a reprint of VENUS so he can start on his upward climb to fame and fortune?"

Vonnegut finally agreed, though he insisted that his name in no manner be mentioned in the text or the blurbs or, in fact, anywhere in the book. He seemed to have a horror of anyone thinking he might try to fool people. I agreed. In addition, Vonnegut refused to share in any of the royalties from VENUS and said that he would impose no censorship or editing of the novel. I, as Trout, was on my own.

As I state elsewhere in this interview, I had been blocked by the novel for Ballantine. But when I got the contract to write VENUS, I plunged joyously, free, into the writing. In six weeks I had finished it. Fun all the way, though Count Bruga's satiric verse required a lot of work. Then I cut it down by ten thousand words and sent it off to Dell. Harris was very happy with it. He had, as he admitted then, suspected it would be a ripoff, a thing

carelessly done, a gimmick. This hurt my feelings, but these were saved when David said that he loved the book, it was a truly Troutish work, it could stand on its own without any association with Trout or Vonnegut.

I sold the novel to Ed Ferman of Mo&SF but had to abridge it very heavily. This broke my heart; I hated to cut out so many goodies. I elided about 15,000 words, including one whole chapter. I wrote a very short bridging chapter to span one particularly broad gap. The first part was accompanied by a photo of Trout. This was myself behind a false beard and moustache, dark glasses, and a hunting cap.

I had sent a number of photos showing Trout in different poses and locations. The best one showed Trout sitting in the basement (where he would of course be living) in front of a poster. This poster was of the three Marx brothers and made a nice symbolic touch in keeping with the whole zany business. But Dell rejected the photo. It seems that another publisher was bringing out a book on the Marxes, and Dell did not want in any way to advertise a book for another outfit. I thought this was pretty far out, but that was the way it was. So I chose another photo, thus eliminating the one which clearly showed that part of Trout's finger was missing (the part which Hoover bit off in BREAKFAST).

The book came out and went into

YO'RE CHITIN IN
HEART WILL
MAKE YEW WEEP



three issues, I don't know what the exact figures are but I would guess the total printed is about 825,000. (I'll have to ask Fred Feldman, Harris' successor, about this.) In the meantime, I was watching the Book Beat TV program one night, starring William F. Buckley, Jr. and Leslie Fiedler. Fiedler talked about a number of things, including his LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL, a classic in the history of criticism. Fiedler then talked about science-fiction and Vonnegut. He mentioned that Trout, Vonnegut's supposedly fictional s-f writer, was bringing out a book, VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL. He chuckled and said that he could not reveal who was writing under the name of Trout, but this person had been so inspired by Trout that he had sworn that he would write VENUS even if Vonnegut didn't give him permission.

This was not true. I had not said that in my correspondence with Fiedler. But Fiedler was depending upon a rather hazy memory of my determination and so misquoted my statement. I mentioned to Bette, my wife, who was watching the program, that I had not said exactly that. I had to get permission from Vonnegut. What I had said was that come hell or high water I was going to write that book.

I didn't worry about this misquotation. Fiedler was speaking *en passant*, off the top of his head, and he forgot it about as quickly as I did. What neither of us knew was that Vonnegut was watching the program, too. When he heard Fiedler make that statement about my not caring if I got permission or not, he hit the ceiling. He said nothing to me about it, but he was nursing his anger.

And so, when Dell asked him a month and a half later if I could write another Trout, THE SON OF JIMMY VALENTINE, the shit hit the fan. Fred Feldman received a scorching phone call from Vonnegut, unfortunately while he was with the big brass. Then I got a call. This was not the heated name-calling thing that you seem to have endured, Dick, when Vonnegut phoned you. But he made it clear that he was upset by Fiedler's statements and even more by people who thought he had written VENUS.

I won't go into detail into this part of the Trout Affair. It would take too long. Suffice it that Vonnegut stoutly refused to permit me to write VALENTINE. This despite some determined pressure from Dell, which really wanted me to do it. I got the very definite impression that there was something going on below the surface, something much more influential than just Vonnegut's reaction to those who believed he was Trout. Indeed, several people in New York, presumably close to the pulse of this affair, assured me that there was something deep going on. But they wouldn't, or couldn't, define it.

In the meantime, a friend of mine, a Bradley University professor, told me an interesting anecdote. He had given a reading of his poetry at a Wisconsin university and afterwards attended a cocktail party. He happened to be standing near a professor of English Literature who was expounding on the book he had just read, VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL. The professor went on for fifteen minutes, proving that VENUS was by Vonnegut. It had to be; all the signs were there.

My friend waited until he was through, then said, "But Vonnegut didn't write that. Philip Jose Farmer did."

"Impossible!" the professor exploded. "I know Farmer's work! He's never written anything like that!"

"But I know him," my friend said. "He showed me the carbon of the Ms and letters from the publisher."

My friend said it was a pleasure to see the professor backtracking. He finally said that if Farmer had done it, he had done a pretty good imitation. "So much for literary acumen," my friend commented.

Also in the meantime, while I was at UCLA, a review of VENUS appeared in the UCLA Daily Bruin. The reviewer was 100% certain that Vonnegut was Trout; no doubt about it. The article appeared the day after I'd announced in the class that I was Trout.

Also, a review of VENUS appeared in Buckley's THE NATIONAL REVIEW. This 19

was a long one with a photo of Trout and the writer proved, from both external and internal evidence, that Trout was Vonnegut.

Several other reviews said that VENUS was the best thing Vonnegut had done for years.

All this didn't set well with Vonnegut, though he should have known that one shouldn't pay any attention to what newspaper or magazine critics say.

In addition, Fiedler and I had told Vonnegut that we would write letters to Buckley and the NEW YORK TIMES. We would state that Vonnegut was not Trout. Also, I said that it would be possible to put in future editions of VENUS (at this time only one had come out) a statement to this effect. Vonnegut said that wasn't necessary. But we did write letters, and this was why my cover as Trout was blown. THE TIMES editor did not publish my name, which I had asked him not to, but he did say that the writer was from Peoria. How many s-f writers are there in Peoria? Well, to be exact, there are two. Thomas S. Klise is author of THE LAST WESTERN, which is s-f and which is in paperback on the stands at this time. But the jig was up. No use trying to claim that it was Klise. Too many other people had guessed correctly, mainly, I think, because of that little biography of Trout which I wrote.

I wrote VENUS as Trout, which accounts for some statements and sentiments in it that I, as Farmer, would never make. There were a few, about two, I think, swipes at s-f fans, editors, publishers. These are not Farmerian, they are Troutian. After all, Trout was bitter because of his neglect by s-f readers.

You made an error, Dick, in reviewing VENUS on the basis of twenty pages read of the abridged magazine version and the assumption that Vonnegut had written it. You then went off on a tirade against Vonnegut, whom you do not seem to like. And he very properly called you to account for it. Though I don't think he was justified in calling you a cocksucker. Not in the sense he meant it anyway. However, your review helped harden his determination to re-



fuse me permission to write VALENTINE.

Even if Vonnegut should change his mind about letting me write THE SON OF JIMMY VALENTINE, I would not do it now. This business has left a bad taste in my mouth. I wrote VENUS partly as an expression of my love for Vonnegut and his works and partly because the idea of producing a real book by a fantasy author tickled me. I tried to give the style of VENUS a slight Vonnegutian flavor, not enough so that any discerning student of Vonnegut would be fooled. (Apparently there aren't too many with discernment; as my friend said, "So much for literary acumen.") The idea was that Vonnegut had gotten his style from Trout and then had refined it into something truly Vonnegutian. And just as Vonnegut's favorite s-f author is Kilgore Trout, so Trout's favorite s-f author is Jonathan Swift Somers III. (Somers, by the way, is the son of Somers III and Grandson of Judge Somers, both of whose epitaphs appear in Edgar Lee Masters' THE SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY. And the poet Count Bruga is the anthirero of a novel of the same title by Ben Hecht. Bruga was based on Maxwell Bodenheim, a prominent expressionist poet of the 20's and 30's, resident of Greenwich Village and a wino.)

I had no way of anticipating that Vonnegut would react so violently to Fiedler's passing innocuous remark or to mistaken reviewers. Indeed, he has had a heated exchange with Fiedler about VENUS; apparently, though, they have had a feud for some time. It is alleged that Vonnegut has said some rather unnice things about me, to put it mildly. Why, I don't know. I have never said anything unkind about him, have, in fact, been full of praise for his works. And VENUS was an expression of my love for him.

So, gargle with Listerine and spit

out Trout and hope the bad taste will go away.

REG: Do you have any plans for retirement? How many books do you have scheduled ahead? Can you give some titles and publishers?

PJF: I've been retired since 1969. I was laid off from my job as a tech writer by MacDonnell-Douglas a month before the first moon landing. I tried to get another job but along with 20,000 others couldn't find one. Then I decided to go into full-time fiction writing. Unfortunately, a computer outfit in Torrance informed me I could have the job as its tech writer, and in a few years I would be head of its publications department. I decided to hell with it, turned the job down and became a writer. This was in July, 1969, and I haven't done a lick of work since.

How many books am I scheduled ahead? Better ask how many I'm scheduled behind. I had a partial writing block last year and as a result am now four novels behind on delivery, some by several years. The situation is improving, however, since last year I was six behind. I've slugged my way out of the block, gotten two works out, and have written three-quarters of two of the long novels. These are the RW novel (ALICE MOVING UNDER SKIES for Putnam's/Berkley; RAMSTAN (a long philosophical space opera) for Harper & Row; WHY EVERYBODY HATES ME, a near-future tale with Kent Lane, illegitimate son of the Shadow as hero, for Bobbs-Merrill; THE DAYBREAKERS, a story set in the same world as my short story "The Sliced-Crosswise-Only-On-Tuesday-World", for Doubleday. I've also written the first draft of a long novel for Ballantine; this is only marginally s-f in that it takes place in the future and is about a runaway offshore oil well, it's presently titled THE DRAGON'S BREATH. Lot's of fun in that, I burn down the entire L.A.-Orange County area. I wrote the first draft and sent it in to Judy-Lynn del Rey for study and criticism. She's had it for six months, so she must be giving it lots of study. That's all right with me; I have to get these other four out of the way before going back to the Ballantine thing. Well,

two should be cleared off the deck, anyway.

The Ballantine novel seemed to be the thing that started my partial writer's block. Or it was just coincidence that the block came along then. Anyway, I found that I couldn't write under my own name, so that was when I launched my fictional-author series. This is a string of short stories, and some novels, by a fictional author, that is, by a character in fiction who is also a writer. Example: Kilgore Trout. Or David Copperfield. Or say Jonathan Herovit or Dr. Watson or Bunny Manders or Martin Eden. While trying to blast my way out of the block by writing fictional-author stories, I wrote VENUS ON THE HALF-SHELL. And A SCARLETTIN STUDY by Jonathan Swift Somers III, who is an author in VENUS. And a story by Manders, which will appear in the September issue of the Magazine of F&SF. Also a story by Paul Chapin, the sinister author in Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe novel, THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN. Also one by Rod Keen, who appears briefly in Richard Brautigan's THE ABORTION. Of course, I had to get permission from Stout and Brautigan and Vonnegut and some others whose names I'm not mentioning because the list would be too long.

In between doing these, or should I say among, I went back to the Ballantine novel. On the momentum gained doing the fictional-author series, I would write a considerable section of THE DRAGON'S BREATH. But this was at slow speed and I would soon peter out. Then back to the fictional-author stuff which rolled out like white-hot ingots in a blooming mill. But I realized I couldn't write forever under nom de plumes, and there was the heavy presence of those six novels waiting, long overdue. So I stopped that and tackled the Ballantine novel, slugged it day after day, and suddenly the block disappeared, evaporated like free booze at an SFWA meeting, and all has been as smooth sailing since as can be expected.

However, once my contractual stuff is out of the way, I expect to write some more fictional-author tales. In addition, I got some others interested. Jean Cox, for instance, wrote a story

by John Thanes Rokesmith, a western writer who was a character in his STRAIGHTSHOOTERS ALWAYS WIN. WRITERS OF THE PURPLE PAGE will appear in MOEBS this fall. Gene Wolfe wrote a story by David Copperfield. Leslie Fiedler is planning on doing one by Gustave von Aschenbach, the writer-protagonist of Thomas Mann's DEATH IN VENICE.

These are not to be pastiches; they are to be written as if by the character himself. Thus the story by David Copperfield is not written in Dickens' style; Wolfe did it in what he conceived to be Copperfield's style. The story by Rod Keen, however, is sort of a pastiche of Brautigan's and Rod McKuen's style, a mixture of the two. Brautigan was poking a little fun at McKuen, and I, as Keen, am poking fun at Brautigan and Keen both. However, I love Brautigan but loathe McKuen.

Seriously, I do plan on retiring—from s-f. I expect to write the four novels I described above. Then I'll be doing a couple of novels or collections by Somers III. And I'll be working to finish all of my s-f/fantasy series. Some of these I started years ago; some I started recently; several haven't appeared in print yet. But I'll be working hard to finish the Riverworld, the Father John Camdomy, the Lord Grandrith, the Doc Caliban, the Ralph von Wau Wau, the Kickaha-Wolff, the Greatheart Silver, the fictional-author, the Exorcism, the polytypical paramyth, the Ancient Opar series. Eleven in all.

Once these are completed, then I go into mainstream writing. I'll be 61 or 62 by then (I'm 57 now). But that's not too old to change the game if your mind isn't fossilized, and mine isn't as yet. I'm making a fair living from s-f but not enough. I haven't made enough to retire on; at the present rate of payment, royalties, etc. I'll have to keep working until I'm a hundred years old. I could do it, but I don't want to. Too many s-f magazines and book publishers are paying no more than they did ten years ago. Some are paying less. Do you know that foreign publishers have paid more for some of my books than the American publishers did?

There are five publishers, one hardcover, the rest softcover, whose advances have been exceeded, on the same books, by French, German, and British publishers. These countries have small reading publics, relatively speaking, and they are much poorer than the U.S. of A. So how do you figure that one out? Well, I can but I won't go into that here. Or anywhere else. It would do no good.

All of this could change. One s-f novel could make a lot of money and get a lot of critical attention. But so far I've not sold any best-sellers—though VENUS has done very well indeed—and the s-f critics and reviewers and academics teaching s-f have pretty much ignored or contemned me. Maybe just so. In any event, I don't see any reason to stick around after failing to make much impression in 23 years. Well, it hasn't been that bad, not really. I have a lot of fans; the Riverworld books have gotten attention outside the s-f world; but the critics universally bumrap me; there isn't a single one now in the field who doesn't turn thumbs down on me. If they are right, then it's time to get out. But first I want to finish up my series, don't want to leave their readers hanging in the air, I've done enough of that for too long.

Then I hope to write a mainstream novel about the s-f world. No one has written one yet that came anywhere near doing justice to this wild weird unique phenomenon. And I have plans to write a comic novel based on my experiences in the space-defense industry. This is presently titled GOD'S FREE BEER, though I am contemplating UNCLE SAM'S MAD TEA PARTY. And I expect to carry out what Jack London didn't live long enough to start, a continuation of stories about his character, Smoke Bellew. Smoke originally appeared in stories about the Gold Rush in the Yukon. London planned to send him to the South Seas. He didn't get to do it: I will if things work out.

I'm also planning on doing THE ANNOTATED HOMER'S ODYSSEY and THE ANNOTATED KASIDAH OF HADJI ABU EL-YEZDI. In fact, I have plans for many things, too much to describe here. So maybe I'll

be working up to 2018 A.D.

REG: Monumental! Thank you, Phil.

A life script is a tool used by the Child to maintain the integrity of its life position. Early in life the Child takes all the information it has received—all the data about giving and receiving strokes, about how to structure time, and about the life position it has settled on—it takes all the early decisions it has made and decides, once and for all, that that is the way life is. The Child then goes about setting things up so that life always comes out the way its decision has preordained. It becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

'After writing its life script (Written into the script, also, are a virtually endless number of unconscious everyday habits—little ways of doing things that we settled on long ago and never changed.) the Child then assumes the role of a casting director. The Child goes through life seeking out those persons who best fit the roles called for by the script. Candidates are turned away when they refuse to give the appropriate transactional responses to the Child's overtures. As Berne says, "Provocative maneuvers are designed to reveal which of the transactionally eligible candidates will play the required games. Among the eligible candidates, the final choice falls on the one who seems most likely to go through with the whole script. That is, partners are drawn together by the intuitive assumption that their scripts are complimentary."

—SUCCESS THROUGH TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS by Jut Meininger



WEIRD TALES REVISITED

Robert E. Weinberg is a more-than-competent editor. His selection of previously un-(or rarely) anthologized horror stories is remarkable in *FAR BELOW And Other Horrors* (Fax, \$6.95).

Here are the well-known horror writers: Robert E. Howard and Seabury Quinn. But here are the not-remembered whose stories are just as good or better than those by the big name.

For instance, "Far Below" by Robert Barbour Johnson has a basic alien horror and "old-fashioned" narrative style that work pretty well together. Too much is told and not enough shown, for my taste, but like motion picture monsters, the author risks laughter or incredulity if he is too specific.

All these eleven stories are good to fine. They make me think better of the pulp magazines, especially *WEIRD TALES*, from which all but one story was

All of Earth waited for the small black hole to bring it to its end. It had been discovered by Professor Jerome Hieronymus at the Lunar telescope in 2125 and it was clearly going to make an approach close enough for total tidal destruction.

All of Earth made its wills and wept on each other's shoulders, saying "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye." Husbands said good-bye to their wives, brothers said good-bye to their sisters, parents said, good-bye to their children, owners said good-bye to their pets, and lovers said good-bye to each other.

But as the black hole approached, Hieronymus noted there was no gravitational effect. He studied it more closely and announced, with a chuckle, that it was not a black hole after all. "It's nothing," he said. "just an ordinary asteroid someone has painted black."

He was killed by an infuriated mob, but not for that. He was killed only after he publicly announced that he would write a great and moving play about the whole episode.

He said, "I shall call it *Much Adieu About Nothing*."

All humanity applauded his death.



Isaac Asimov

taken. (That one being "Out of the Deep" by Robert E. Howard from *MAGAZINE OF HORROR*.)

My favorites are "Thing of Darkness" by G. G. Pendarves, a grim, realistic, authentic-reading ghost story, "The Chapel of Mystic Horror" by Seabury Quinn, whose detective of the supernatural, Jules de Grandin, can still

amuse and interest me, and the last story in the book, "Return to Death" by J. Wesley Rosenquest, which has a horror-of-helplessness which I consider especially terrifying. (But that's a personal fear syndrome.)

BZZZZZZZZ... Yeechhh!

THE SWARM by Arthur Herzog is the latest Nature-in-Revolt disaster novel. This time—bees. Big, mutated ones that can and do kill! Good potential, but Herzog blew it with too much technical stuff about bee genes, habits, varieties, etc. He spaces it out with incidents of increasing attacks by bees in three areas of America.

Finally, after the research team has created wipe-out attacks on them (and the bees seem impervious to all) the bees in the east swarm (billions of the buggers) and occupy New York.

The ending is a bit anticlimactic. Almost as dumb as the bees. (Signal 451-J6351, \$1.95) 22

Desperadoes of the Galactic Union

Without warning, the Altaireans struck. "Battle stations!" grated Supreme Commander Bob Smith, tight-lipped. Bronzed and lean-faced in the black and silver of the Fleet, he thumbed the Cock button of the antimaterialistic missile system. "No, not that!" choked Dr Jones, his wild white mane flying. "Don't fire it, Bob! I didn't tell you—I never finished checking quite all the equations—" "Damn the equations," Smith grated coolly. "We must protect civilisation from these slimy Altaireans!" His grey eyes flicked for a second to the slender figure of Candi Jones, clinging terrified to her father's arm, her golden hair aureoling her piquant face, then back to the visiscreen, where the glutinously green ships of the aliens swarmed like fruitflies against the black backdrop of space. He raised his thumb towards the Fire button. Dr Jones screamed and leapt forward, but with one arm Smith easily held off the frail, hysterical scientist, while with the other he embraced the fainting girl, and with his exceptionally muscular nose pressed the red button. The universe exploded! After a slight pause, the warthoglike face of Slith Fsxmush appeared on the glowing screen. The Altairean's hair was on fire but he glared through the smoke at the tall Terran. "It's no use, Smith," he hissed. "We have struck! And till we get a 200-Fredred raise, retroactive, and all the Fringe benefits, we're on strike." "By golly," Smith grated, "what'll I do now?"



Ursula Le Guin

A HUGE HUNK OF BELLONA

No, I didn't like DHALGREN (Bantam Y8554, \$1.95), the latest monster from Samuel Delany, and I'll be happy to tell you why.

It bored hell out of me. Yes, in spite of the violence and sex and bizarre bits and minor mysteries buried in the endless talk and doing.

A loner, nameless because he doesn't know his name—trauma there, somewhere (and a lovely Symbol-figure)—enters a riot-ridden city in the near future and in this "open city", this no-man's land abandoned and ignored by the rest of the country and the media, this youth runs the gamut of experiences, and at the end of the book, with some friends, exits the city.

There is some good writing in the book. Some good science fictional thinking, some good symbolism and metaphor and &c. But Delany indulged himself shamelessly with endless detail, endless talk, endless goings and comings...and in some confusing typographical gimmicks in re a journal and manuscript—he lost me.

There is structure to the novel. It has balance. It is just too fucking 879 pages LONG. And Private. It is Delany communing with the Delany psyche; He knows what it all means, but few garden variety readers are going to know, or care.

Off-hand, I tend to think DHALGREN is a kind of psychic masturbation in print.

Delany was highly readable and entertaining and thought-provoking early in his career in his BABEL-17, THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION, THE JEWELS OF APTOR, etc. But with NOVA and now this bloated corpse, his writing is no longer lean and mean. It is fat and gluttonous. He sprawls and he thinks every thought and every movement of his characters is worthy of note. This is too thick a slice-of-life.

The book is a 'Frederik Pohl Selection' for Bantam. So Fred Pohl must have read this. Every page. Every word. And must have bought it. With, I suspect, a bit of calculation: Here is a long, self-indulgent novel about a mystery youth in a symbolic, ruined city, filled with free sex, fighting, strange people, mystery, with no authority around to queer the fun, with obvious Deep Thinking, Symbolism and Great Import lurk-

ing on every page. Wow. This will appeal to the Rebelious Youth like crazy.

And, as noted in Paul "AlpaJupuri" Novitsky's letter in SFR 13, it seems to sell well in college towns. Delany, not by direct intent, pushes all the Youth buttons.

I liked the orchid—the multi-bladed weapon that straps to the wrist and "blooms" forward around his hand/fist. I liked the strange group called the scorpions. I liked the honest it's-part-of-life treatment of sex. I liked the anarchistic, functioning society that persisted amid the ruins. There is much to admire in DHALGREN.

A pity the good is so buried and intertwined in all the excess event and dialog. Delany is self-defeating in this book.

DHALGREN took what—five years to write? Four years too many.



SAN QUENTIN, Calif. (AP — The imprisoned murderer of actor Ramon Navarro has won a writing award and says he'll keep on writing because it helps him "reflect on experience and see what it means."

Paul Ferguson, 29, recently won a first prize for fiction from the American Center of P.E.N., an international writers' group.

...
He said he first started writing for eight or nine hours a day, thinking "you had to write a thousand words a day or you weren't a writer."

Sometimes he just flung words down on paper, nouns like flour, sugar, beans.

"Now, sometimes I write just one word a day, but I know it's the right one," he says.

Let's see...my word for today is
JIVE

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IMPORTANT REMINDERS TO SFR SUBSCRIBERS
If you move I need your new address
AND your old zipcode.
Put your full name and address on all
letters. (Envelopes get lost after I
open letters.)

LETTER FROM "TERRY DIXON"

'After talking to Mr. Harlan Ellison, I wish to inform you that any letters or reviews you have received from me in the past over the undersigned fictitious name, criticizing or denigrating Mr. Ellison, his work, or any other people or subjects, I now wholeheartedly and without reservation retract as false.

'You may publish this letter if you wish.'

VERTEX: Aren't you ethical about revenge, too? I mean, I've seen you really get back at people you think have messed you over.

ELLISON: Again, it's my childhood. I was very badly treated by large groups of kids and I was too small to defend myself. And revenge just burned in me, burned in my soul! I've spent many years getting back at people, even people who did things to me as a child.

VERTEX: But you select your victims very carefully.

ELLISON: Oh yeah, yeah! It's not a random thing; I have to be grievously wounded. And I will stop at nothing. There are people walking around right now who I will get! Even if it takes me the rest of my life and costs me thousands and thousands of dollars, well over what the revenge is worth, I will do it.

---VERTEX Interview by Arthur Byron Cover. April, 1974 (Vol.2, Number 1)

LETTER FROM PHILIP JOSE FARMER

'Re the Ancient Opar series. You are perceptive to note Hadon's character as too self-controlled, etc. But this series is carefully planned, and Hadon will be changing character somewhat as the series progresses. Less idealistic, more inclined to give way to anger, to impulse, etc.

'Future novels will include appendices which will describe the Khokarsan language, the animals, the plants, the deities, etc. of the inland African

seas circa 10,000 B.C. I've been working, on and off, on Khokarsan, inventing a new language. I speculate, however, that it is a very remote relative of the Algonquian superfamily which now includes Shawnee, Illinois, Cree, Menominee, Ojibwa, Arapaho, etc. There are some linguistic indications that the Khoklem originated in Central Asia or southern Siberia and spoke a language common to tribes in that area. The Khoklem wandered south and westward and after many thousands of years eventually ended up on the shores of the Kemu. The other speakers of this superfamily migrated across the Bering bridge to America or were absorbed by Turkic tribes. However, it's a possibility that Ainu is related to Algonquian (this was suggested by the anthropologist Hall). If so, the Ainu left Siberia, crossed to the Japanese Islands, and flourished until the Japanese tribes, who apparently came from southeast Asia, invaded the islands.

'When the Khoklem split off, the Amerind was then being formed, originating in miscegenation among archaic Caucasians and generalized Mongolians.

'You may have noticed on the map of Africa in HADON OF ANCIENT OPAR a legend: Blacks' Urheim. The present theory (not altogether uncontested) is that Negroes originated in the area legendary and then slowly spread out. At least, that seems to be the place from which African Negroes spread out. But how did they get there in the first place? The Negro race is a problem to anthropologists. They were located, even in ancient times, in two widely separated areas. One place was Africa; the other was New Guinea and surrounding areas of Oceania. There were no Negroes, as far as we know, in between these areas separated by thousands of miles. There is some fossil evidence that peoples with some Negro characteristics were in southern India, however.

'So, did the Negro originate in Africa or in the New Guinea-Oceania area? In either case, how did he get to the other place without leaving a trace of his passage?

'This problem is complicated by the presence of Negritos (African pygmies and the little peoples of southeast

Asia). They were pushed back (slaughtered) by the blacks of Africa and the Mongolians of Asia. They fled into the less desirable territory of the jungles and adapted wonderfully.

'And what about the Bushman and the Hottentot? Though they have some Negro features, they are not classified as Negroes. They seem to have preceded the Negro peoples in Africa, moving on ahead of the blacks, unable to compete with them, and then, later, the whites helped the genocide along.

'But are Negritos the original Negroes or are they just dwarf varieties. Are the Bushman and Hottentot just varieties of the Negro, or are they a separate race which just happened to have some Negro characteristics?

'Anyway, if the Old Stone Age Negroes could wander eight to ten thousand miles from one place to another, then a tribe whose homeland was central Asia or southern Siberia could wander to central Africa.

'Re your conversation with the (alleged) Vonnegut, I believe that it was indeed he who called you. As for his statement that anyone could use the name of Kilgore Trout, it may have been sincere. Or it may have been spoken in the heat of the moment. But I wouldn't advise using any of the titles of Trout's books found in Vonnegut's works. Not unless you had his permission. And you won't get that. Nor would I use Trout as a byline unless I had Vonnegut's written permission for that. Not unless you're prepared to handle a lawsuit pressed by a multimillionaire.'

((We tend to think (from the arrogance and "permanence" of Now) that the ebb and flow of racial tides and genocides is over...but it would be interesting to hear what anthropologists have to say about the flux and meaning of what is currently happening in these areas of human interaction.))

What is the difference between the Winners in life, and the Losers?

The difference is: the Winners really want to win, and the Losers really want to lose.

*****24

MASTER OF THE SEVAGRAM

A. E. van Vogt has much to say to us that is valuable, as fiction writer, as human being, as a man who has lived a long, varied, knowledgeable, productive life.

This autobiography, REFLECTIONS OF A. E. VAN VOGT (Fictioneer Books, \$3.50), is the product of a 12-hour tape session with Elizabeth Dixon of UCLA, edited, rewritten in spots, and updated from 1964 by van Vogt for this publication by Fictioneer.

It has a goshawk Foreword by Forrest J. Ackerman, an Author's Foreword, and a complete Bibliography up to and including 1974, and includes the works of E. Mayne Hull, van Vogt's wife.

Van Vogt traces his childhood and family in Canada, his early adult life, his start in writing (radio plays and confession stories), and his start in science fiction—writing for John Campbell's ASTOUNDING.

He has this (among other things) to say about fiction:

"You know, you can write thousands of lines that are not fiction lines. Fiction has a special thing, which is verisimilitude. Even though my grammar was bad and my composition was way out, I could write a line of fiction from that moment forward; it took me a little while to learn to write a story with these lines of fiction, but from that moment on I was a fiction writer in that I knew how to do it.

"One of the great problems, to my mind, with people who want to be writers, is that they don't write fiction. They don't understand what this is and that it's entirely verisimilitude."

Verisimilitude: 'the appearance of truth'.

Among other opinions of van Vogt in this book, this seems timely and appropriate:

"Here in the United States, the evolution of parliamentary government has not all been on the noble side. Government by law—instead

of by men—has had two things progressively going against it, and the present-day consequences are very serious. About one-third of the laws are basically sensible and right. Another third have been placed on the books by the machinations and outright bribery of some twenty major lobby groups. The remaining third of the laws are the result of a love affair between the American people and lawyers. Over seventy-five percent of all the lawmakers in this country are lawyers.

"The way that this disproportionately large mass of self-seekers has influenced the law, is by altering everything so that more and more people will have to seek legal aid, where formerly their activities were not affected at all."

This book is in the large (5-1/8 x 8) paperback format, with heavy slick paper, heavy, coated cover stock. A quality job.

LETTER FROM BEN BOVA

6-4-75

"Not to make this an on-going controversy, but your response to my letter in SFR 13 is a little less than honest. Lupoff raised the issue of Janet Jeppson's "apprenticeship;" he assumed that she had never written anything before, never received rejections, never been published. These facts could have been checked on very easily. But instead, the usual paranoid assumption was made, and became the basis for the review you published. ((In SFR 12))

"I think Isaac deserved better treatment. And so, of course, did Janet."

((Janet Jeppson's THE SECOND EXPERIMENT is written in a professional prose, as published; there are no amateur clangers or malaprops. The 'dreadful' parts are what she did with her prose: 'fumbled viewpoints, jumbled plot, childishly poor characterization' and (my additional comment) a kind of juvenile magic science which is ludicrous.

((The novel is publishable, of course. It is a long, unlabeled Juvenile. Children up to 13 will probably enjoy it.

((But it was not published by Houghton-Mifflin as a Juvenile, which speaks to their opinion of adult science fiction readers.

((The point of Rich Lupoff's remarks about Isaac Asimov is that quite often important, successful people (and their relatives, and sometimes close associates and friends) are given preferential treatment ('favoritism') whether they want it, know of it, or not! I'd bet money that Isaac didn't lift a finger to help his wife's novel get published. And I'm sure he's embarrassed that two fan publishers decided not to publish a 'killer' review of the book for fear of offending him or because of friendship...or because of a policy of ignoring really bad sf books.

((Finally, you're right to say that Rich should have done some checking before leaping into areas unknown to him. And I, too, for not asking him if he knew for sure....))

Comment by Rich Lupoff

"Thanks for the copy of #13, and for a look at Ben Bova's second letter (the one dated June 4). I agree with Ben in not wishing to make a big and lengthy uproar, especially not between Ben and me. I have no quarrel with him, and even though his letter in #13, like the letter of June 4, seems to cast certain mild aspersions on me, what Ben is doing, essentially, is defending his friends Janet and Isaac. Well, who blames a man for that?

"However, if Ben will maybe down a martini or two to calm his nerves and then re-read my material in #12—both the original "Wandering Review" and the article in which it is embedded—he will see that I specifically exonerate Janet of doing anything wrong (except for writing a bad novel, which is a failing but hardly a sin), and that I exonerated Isaac of doing anything wrong at all, and suggested that he probably didn't even know what abuses were being done for fear of offending him."

DANCING ON THE TITANIC or

They've Got Some Hungry Writers Up In Suite 2116

By Charles W. Runyon

The 1975 SFWA meeting was my first SF function ever, and it was a pleasure to behold my fellow hacks in the vineyard of SF, also known as Sci-Fi and Scientifiction.

After two compari-and sodas, I was accosted by Paul Anderson, who said he vaguely remembered me, and then began to quote verbatim a letter I had written him a year ago.

A Japanese dinner with Karen Anderson, Poul, and James E. Gunn. The food superb—at \$11.00 a shot, why not?—I forgot my tea until it was lukewarm, and failed to elicit any illicit info on the private sex lives of SF writers. (Later that evening I learned that SF writers have no private sex lives, it's all done in public.)

Well, to proceed. Arriving at the SFWA hospitality suite, was met by a girl who said she was secretary to Robert Mills. I had no reason to doubt her—but then my vision was obscured by Barry Malzberg, who was talking to an editor from Harlequin books.

Next I spied an egg-shaped object of glowing white, and discovered that it was the head of T. J. Bass, author of THE GOD-WHALE. I asked the girl standing next to him if he was into Krishna-consciousness, and she said no. Eczema maybe? She said no, he just likes it that way. Her name is Jo, and she's a nurse in Hawaii—so if you start feeling sick, grab a plane...

Ted Cogswell behind the bar, in tropical field uniform. Fixed me a simple bomb-er of vodka with a squirt of quinine; Harry Harrison shook hands, looking less menacing than his photos. Things started getting vague.

I remember telling George Rae Cogswell that she looked much better than her last photo in the FORUM, and getting into a confused conversation with Audrey Gann—I congratulated her because I thought she'd just gotten married and changed her name, and she said I had the thing ass-backwards, or words to that effect. Such is the effect of vodka on your loyal reporter. Writers

should never drink; it unhinges their delicate brains.

Met Isidore Haiblum and tried to remember which story of his I'd liked so much. Total amnesia prevailed. I finally told him that the reason I remembered him was that I'd been born in a little village called Isadora—which no longer exists. He didn't seem impressed.

Ran into Ben Bova and told him I was going to send him a story. He said, Do, we can't reject it until we get it.

Met a girl with a triangular mirror set in her forehead. Meant to tell her she was cutting off her pranic energy, but she disappeared. So apparently I was wrong. Another girl said, My name is Dona and I live with Norman Spinrad. I told her, Well, we all have to live somewhere.

Profound conversations like that sort of went on all evening.

Later on in the parlor, as the last dogs were dying, Gordon Dickson and Poul Anderson and a couple of others—I think Spider Robinson was there, and Jay Klein—fabricated a foolproof plot to seize control of the world, but when I woke up the next morning I had completely forgotten it. Poul Anderson remembers, I'm sure. He should be watched.

Arrived late at the business meeting next day. Somebody shoved a cup of coffee in my hand, and I stumbled to a seat near the fireplace and listened to L. Sprague de Camp relate his experiences with Lancer. Seems they're selling his books and giving him zilch. They're doing the same thing to me, and I think their books should be pulled off the shelves and burned—after I get my royalties.

Actually the meeting moved us no closer to taking control of our situation—or even determining what our situation was. Fred Pohl did an imitation of Hari Seldon. Or possibly it was my awareness that kept fading in and out. Ted Cogswell made the most astonishing statement of the morning; he said the FORUM was trying to be "democratic". For a minute I thought the venerable old General had turned into some kind of pinko liberal snob, but then I saw him snorkling behind his hand.

Editor's panel in the aft: Harlan Ellison the entertaining interlocutor. Jim

Baen and Sharon Jarvis and... some editor from Berkeley. (I don't take down names, sorry.) He had a PhD in Medieval Lit., which gave the panel a certain ah, respectability. They all kept their cool, fielded brickbats deftly—but conveyed none of the real nitty-gritty a professional writer needs to know. (Like which daughter, of which well-known publisher, is available for marriage or romantic liaison?)

There were several Nebulas given out that evening—you've probably got that information elsewhere. Nobody renounced their award and raised the clenched fist of defiance—so we can scratch the Science Fiction Writers of America as a revolutionary nucleus.

Bob Heinlein got a Nebula for being Bob Heinlein. Nobody deserved it more. When he got up to speak, an ethereal hush fell, the lights flickered, a roseate radiance suffused the ballroom, and I heard the voices of a heavenly choir singing On High.

—Amen.



WOULD YOU BELIEVE ——— SECOND BEST?

The 1975 Annual World's Best SF,

Donald Wollheim, Editor
DAW Books UWI170, \$1.50

Reviewed by Peter Mandler

Don Wollheim has a problem; he's stuck twenty years behind the times, back in the fabulous '50s when the Magazine was king and original anthologies were only twinkles in the eyes of Carnell and Knight. He also clings to the survivors among his favorite '50s magazines, GALAXY and perhaps good ol' AMAZING in a pinch. He retains an ingrained prejudice in favor of the big guns of the era.

Couple those opinions to his disillusionment with Ted White's newfangled notions at AMAZING and you begin to see why and wherefore Don picked what he did for the 1975 edition of his famed series WORLD'S BEST SF.

In a year when GALAXY pulled only one Hugo nomination for fiction, Wollheim has again compiled a "Best of GALAXY" book. No less than half of his ten selections were originally published in GALAXY and its adventurous sister, IF. The Hugo nominee (LeGuin's DISPOSSESSED prequel, "The Day Before the Revolution") isn't here. Five other Galactic gems are.

"Deathsong" by Sydney Van Scyoc, a long-time GALAXY author, is a moderately interesting, well-written novelette about the (human) destruction of an alien, possibly sentient species; you've probably read it before by someone who did it better, but "Deathsong" is a notch above the usual. A "Best"? ...maybe.

Bob Shaw's "A Full Member of the Club" is a slight but fun little piece about an alien race introducing super-sophisticated baubles to human society...yes, this does sound familiar. In tenor, it resembles Sheckley's "A Suppliant In Space" (a Wollheim pick last year), but it's not as good. Probably not a "Best".

Fred Pohl polished off another Kornbluth fragment and came up with

"The Gift of Garigolli"; I imagine its authorship makes it a Wollheim must. It is another semi-serious story and great fun, not to mention relevant (it solves an ecological problem), but it doesn't cut the mustard as a "Best".

Craig Strete is the SFWA's only indian, and his "The Bleeding Man" is, quite naturally, a story about indians ...and racial crime and suffering and all that. The very height of relevance, "the last story in...GALAXY, it may well be the farthest out," Wollheim notes. While Wollheim may consider himself quite daring to be so avant garde, "The Bleeding Man" is not a particularly exciting or well-constructed story, too intent on making a Point.

The final GALAXY/IF story is by Isaac Asimov, which explains its inclusions. "Stranger in Paradise" tells of two brothers in a world (get this) where "brotherhood" is considered beyond the pale! What's more, they're twins!! These cultural monsters come up with a somewhat pedestrian solution to the problem of exploring Mercury. At the end of the story, they fly in the face of public opinion and link arms, proclaiming "Together, brother!" In between is some of Asimov's worst prose, not to mention stilted dialogue and clumsy plot construction. Perhaps an Asimovian "Worst".

At this point, Donald Wollheim, having combed his acceptables for something above the mediocre, turns elsewhere to fill his pages. He pulls two stories out of ANALOG!

George Martin's "A Song for Lya" is a Nebula- and Hugo-nominated novella and presumably deserves its place here; I personally didn't like it, but many others did and it should be read. A Laurel Leaf to Wollheim.

The other ANALOG story is by Alfred Bester, one of the Names which evoke fond memories for Wollheim. It's another winner, though: "The Four-Hour Fugue." A famed perfume scientist goes AWOL and is tracked down by a miracle-worker & witch-doctor working in tandem; wonderfully Bester, a Hugo nominee and a "Best" to boot.

Only one story was chosen from FAN-

TASY & SCIENCE FICTION...and it must be by a sometime GALAXY author. "Born With the Dead" (F&SF, March)? (Now, too soppy). "Adrift Off the Islets..." (F&SF, October)? (What do those award nominators know? The story's meaningless). Michael Bishop, though, now there's a prospect; his IF novella made the '74 WORLD'S BEST.

"Cathadonian Odyssey" is a real top-notcher, thank goodness, although not quite Bishop-typical. A symbiotic relationship between a stranded Earth-type person and a sensitive, mute, cute little three-legged alien ends in an absolute stunner; the story deserves its Hugo nomination though perhaps not its inclusion (guilt by association).

AMAZING, out of deference to its age, is permitted to contribute a short story, Brian Stableford's "The Sun's Tears." I think Stableford should stick to novels; this is another Parable, about Man, his Eternal Quest, and...the stars. There is a lot of talk about the Cosmic Whim and the like.

And finally, Wollheim deigns to showcase an original anthology story. But thank God good ol' Gordie Dickson wrote it; thank God Judy-Lynn Del Rey edited it; thank God venerable Don Wollheim approved of it. The story is "Twig," not one of my all-time favorites but another one given the nod by those in the know, so I won't quibble. It's also about man threatening to wreck an alien environment; a human girl reared by the aliens works with kindly Earthman to save the world. It appeared in STELLAR 1, Ballantine's STAR SF-revisited. STELLAR features just those old-fashioned, chunky stories Wollheim slavers over, so it is not all that surprising that he chose one from its ranks for his august compilation. We should thank him for his effort, and for his amazing (Astonishing? Astounding?) success at keeping ORBIT, UNIVERSE, NEW DIMENSIONS, Elwood et. al. at bay.

Bravo, Mr. Wollheim!...but I do not recommend your book.

Some Incidental Statistics

WORLD'S BEST - 1971: 15 selections

7 from GALAXY publications; 3 from F&SF; 3 from AMAZING/FANTASTIC; 1 from ORBIT#7; 1 from QUARK#1.

WORLD'S BEST - 1972: 14 selections

3 from GALAXY publications; 2 from F&SF; 2 from ANALOG; 3 from ORBIT 8/9; 1 from NEW WRITINGS IN SF; 1 from QUARK#4; 1 from PLAYBOY; 1 foreign misc.

WORLD'S BEST - 1973: 10 selections

2 from GALAXY publications; 3 from F&SF; 2 from ANALOG; 1 from AMAZING; 1 from NEW WRITINGS IN SF; 1 from INFINITY#5.

WORLD'S BEST - 1974: 10 selections

5 from GALAXY publications; 1 from F&SF; 1 from AMAZING; 1 from NEW WRITINGS IN SF; 1 from VERTEX; 1 from VIEW FROM ANOTHER SHORE.

In the "original anthology" era, Wellheim has picked 59 stories: about 40% come from GALAXY, 20% from all the anthologies combined.

Before 1971, GALAXY usually got the lion's share: 50% in 1966, and again in 1968 and 1969. (I don't have copies handy of other years, but I expect it would be much the same).

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LETTER FROM JACK CHALKER

6-9-75

A few random, jump-around comments on a number of items in SFR 13.

'Jim Martin seems shocked at Dr. A's buttocks-patting. Truth is, although he loves the image, almost all of this is done to girls he knows (and after 40 years in SF he knows a hell of a lot of them). If Jim wants a serious discussion on the world from Dr. A, he will have to get the Good Doctor alone in a quiet corner. I come to cons to interact with people; so does he. There were 4200 interaectees at Discon, & many people seen once are not seen again at such an affair, so monopolizing is not something you can expect. Hell, trying a serious conversation in the midst of a busy hall crowded with people is an imposition only someone as nice as Asimov would tolerate.

'As to Harlan and the children, I think Martin has things turned around. It's like the little old lady that asked me "Why are you showing DUMBO at 3 A.M. when all the little kids are asleep?" How could I make her understand that DUMBO was being shown for those gigantic kids, age 15-75, for whom the con was intended, and was not a sop to the kiddies but a sop to the Disney freaks? Harlan is a known quantity at a con; his mouth and verbalisms even moreso. Even if a neo with small kids didn't know this, it became immediately apparent. Harlan was putting on the show the audience expected; if it was too much for the parents of those kids in the hall then it was incumbent on the parents to take the kids out. This is like complaining about that amoral movie shown on Channel 3 for all the kids to see. Terrible. The complainer would never think of asking those kids, if the complainer were the parent and thought the stuff bad, to watch Channel 6 instead or Turn Off The Tube. The committee will NOT be guardian censors!

'Frankly, Bruce Arthurs and other critics of Elwood miss the point I made some time back—that Elwood is not an editor, but the greatest salesman in the world. The entire criticism of his dominance of the anthology market is base on the assumption that, if Elwood

hadn't been invented in '70-'71, those anthologies would have gone to Better Editors. Bullshit. Those anthologies just wouldn't have been. As for quality control, I buy no author or editor sight unseen; if I can't look through it prior to purchase, I rely on review media and word-of-mouth commentary before investing the money. I may disagree the latter two, but at least I have an idea as to what I'm buying.

'Your comments on Elwood's prejudices are more than a little harsh. The truth is, every single damned editor is a censor. Indeed, editing in today's commercial marketplace is nothing more than that. The editor decides, on the basis of his own prejudices, which stories you will see and which you will not. Much of the SFWA carping at Elwood would admit, when cornered, that they write for a particular editor and for a particular editor's preferences. What's wrong here seems to be that Elwood's prejudices aren't your prejudices (or mine, either). But you can always turn the set off or switch to Channel 6....

'Elwood's editorial prejudices—or anyone's—only becomes a problem or a threat if those standards are industry-wide or a majority of the market. They are not. Some of the wildest, freest, most liberated stuff from almost anyone's vantage-point has been published during the Elwood years. Just not by Elwood.

'I once had a story rejected by an editor who said "It isn't pertinent to our times and has no social message." This new-wave, no longer in power, was well-known for such things. I heard not one outcry against this, because his prejudices didn't interfere with yours or Arthurs, or others. It interfered with mine and with most of the public, and he's gone. When this happens to Elwood, so will he be gone.

'If you think John Campbell didn't epitomize censorship and writing to his prejudices, you haven't ever dealt with him. Indeed, I can think of no editor I couldn't line up with his foibles and prejudices.

'Elwood's crime is that he holds beliefs not in accord with most SF fans

or critics, and so He Must Be Condemned For The Wrong Gospel.

'So much for freedom and liberalism, eh?'

((Yep. I admit to feet of clay... and when clay toes get tromped, they hurt! (And they're impossible to get back in the old shape.)

((And I will continue on occasion to attack the Wrong Gospel. But I will try in future to not get personal.

((I did not call for the denial of his freedom-to-edit or freedom-to-be-lieve.))

#

'My main complaint with Joanna Russ is that she is not a liberationist but a sexual Nazi. The equality issue is nonexistent in her writings; they are anti-man. I am reminded of the American Colonization Society which, between 1817 and 1825, endeavored to buy slaves from southern plantations and equip them with the best in modern arms and technology, then sent them to Liberia. What did these freed slaves who yearned for liberation do? They conquered the native Liberians, forced them into slavery, built their plantations and within 25 years were wearing white suits, sitting on their plantation verandas, watching the slaves toil in the fields. These ex-slaves believed in the southern plantation system; they were not opposed on moral grounds—they opposed the southern system only because they were the slaves. Russ and the others of their ilk are reinforcing sexism in society by stating that, at the very least, they seek a reversal of roles, not equality. At worst, as FEMALE MAN shows, the total elimination of man. The messages are clear: sexism is bad only because it's against me, rather than me against you, and if you don't repress me I'll kill you.'

((What will be, will be. The forces that will decide the issue are in place and in operation.))

'Which brings me to Denys Howard's letter on the problem of sexual mores being conventional in LeGuin. To which I reply, "If it is easy to postulate totally different sexual mores for an

alien society, why is it unthinkable to postulate that they had conventional ones?" The answer is that it's Le Guin's own damned book and she's free to postulate any social-sexual mores she wants—rather than postulating what a reader wants. Tough. If Howard wants a different set, then let's see a Howard book about it.

'In anything I write it's my universe and I can do—or not do—what I damned well feel like. Isn't that the fantastic thing about the genre?'

#

'And, finally, on the Malzberg/Tuck thing. I think everyone in the issue shot Malzberg to hell on all but one point, and I'll make that. Malzberg seems to think that now that Tuck is out all other serious bibliographic research will now cease. I will not send him a copy of INDEX TO THE SCIENCE-FANTASY PUBLISHERS when Mark and I finally get it out maybe next year, but I'll send you one if you're still in business and you can send it to him if you want. And ours is only one of dozens of such projects. Tuck's is a superb reference, warts and all. Now the rest of us will do what he didn't.'

WHO'S AT FIRST?

LOVECRAFT AT LAST by Willis Conover (Carrollton-Clark, \$19.95) says almost as much about Willis Conover as about H.P.L.

The book is a record of the extensive correspondence between the young (teenage) Conover and the fortyish Lovecraft. Conov is impressive as intelligent, mature, keen, adult, a perceptive writer for any age.

Lovecraft is unfailingly polite, even-tempered, obliging, and never patronising. He treated young Conover as an equal and went to great lengths to oblige Conover in the plans to publish H.P.L.'s non-fiction, non-commercial fantasy work in the fanzine Willis edited.

The letters show graphically that Lovecraft placed as much or more importance on letters to friends and on his work in the amateur magazines as he

did the stories he wrote and sold to WEIRD TALES and ASTOUNDING. Time and again as I read through this book I was both appalled and half-admiring of his apparently misplaced values. But he held those old world "gentlemanly" values fiercely and never compromised them. Even though he sometimes suffered grievously and half starved because of them. We may cry, "fool!" but we are all fools, in our fashion.

The extensive quotes from Lovecraft's letters give an added dimension to the life of Lovecraft. There are 57 illustrations and a complete index.

CTHULHU WILL GET ME FOR THIS

It's always a painful task to write an unfavorable review of a small-press publication. I know the hopes and fears and problems of the small publisher.

But I got my duty....

I'm talking about Shroud Publishers' latest Limited Edition (\$1., 995 copies) effort in their series called The Library Lovecraftian. This booklet is Volume Three.

It is a short story by Ted Pons titled "The Devil Ground" and is illustrated lavishly by Jim Garrison, Frank D. McSherry, Jr., and Gerry Mooney. Cliff Alexander did the cover.

Briefly, the story is labored, predictable, and somewhat awkwardly 1890-



ish in style. Undistinguished. (Sorry, Ted.) It deals with a journalist's snooping into a long-past horror near a small, spooky New England town. He becomes a living sacrifice to a monster called Yg'th M'harlegh by the town worshippers. He is saved by...

Well, there may be a few Cthulhu completists who would object to my revealing the telegraphed ending.

Copies of this 5½ x 8½ offset booklet of 32 pages are available for \$1. each from Shroud, 5652 Vineland Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

"It is tempting, in reading of the blunders and follies of our predecessors, to imagine that, could we go back and influence such a person at the critical moment—if we could apply some sort of psychoanalytical screwdriver to him—he would have avoided this or that error. It is probably well that we cannot.

"Imagine what would have been the result of applying this treatment to the Three Musketeers of WEIRD TALES: Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, and H. P. Lovecraft, three literary geniuses manque. They might have been so thoroughly cured of their neuroses that Howard would have become a cowboy, Smith a writer of jingles for some San Francisco advertising firm, and Lovecraft a high school science teacher. And we should have had no stories from them at all."

—L. Sprague de Camp, LOVECRAFT

LETTER FROM BOB BLOCH

6-1-75

"Your issue has something for everyone. I was particularly impressed with the quotation from Benjamin Franklin on page 45: sure enough, less than 200 years later his warning has come true and Roger Elwood has taken over. To those who would object that Roger Elwood isn't Jewish I say why quibble over minor details? The important thing is that science fiction is definitely part of the international Jewish conspiracy as contrived by John Campbell, Anthony Boucher and L. Ron Hubbard."

Thoughts on LOGAN'S RUN A Letter? A Dialogue? Or just some slightly sour grapes from: WM. F. NOLAN

"Reading John Brunner's letter in your current number (13) makes me reflect, and I have decided to reflect on paper. He cites the editorial butcher-job done on his SHOCKWAVE RIDER—which leads me to what MGM and Mr. David Zelag Goodman have done to my novel (written with George Johnson) LOGAN'S RUN. MGM begins shooting the pic this month (June) and they expect to have it "in the can" by September and into theaters by March of '76. They are going to spend over six million dollars on it. They are using the largest sound stage in the world for the sets. They are building a complete, functioning model City of Tomorrow. It is going to be "an MGM giant" they tell me. All of which is fine. I'm glad it is being made. God, we sold the book to MGM way back in 1967 (the year Dial Press printed the hardcover) and it's taken all this time to get it rolling. There's only one drawback: the script is...uh...less than satisfactory.

"David Z. Goodman (who admits he knows nothing about SF—nor has he ever written a word of it in any form prior to LOGAN'S RUN) was paid a huge amount of money to write it. The pic's producer, Saul David, has okayed the script and wants no help on it from me. What I think of it matters not, now that the great lion at MGM is roaring. My tiny voice is lost in the lion's roar.

"If Saul wanted to hear what I thought of it, my dialogue might go something like this:

"Gee, Saul, you've changed the ending. Completely."

"Yeah, I know."

"And the key figure in the book, Ballard, the man who operates the Sanctuary line isn't even in it."

"Yeah, I know."

"And Francis, the guy who hunts down Logan, is just blasted down and buried. He doesn't reveal himself as Ballard, which takes all of the—"

"Yeah."

"And we never show how the 'time flowers' are put into the hands of the infants, nor do we have any flashbacks, via the 'Re-Live' drawer, into Logan's past life—meaning we don't know a goddamn thing about him."

"Uh-huh."

"And there's no Crazy Horse Mountain or—and this is a big loss, a key loss—any 'Thinker' in the film. You know, the giant computer that forms the basis of—"

"No, it's gone."

"And there's no reference to how the world got to be what it is, no history of how the young people burned Washington and set up the—"

"Nope, no history."

"And the Sandman's 'Gun' is now just a kind of 'zap pistol'. The 'Homer'—the bullet that seeks out the heat in a Runner and homes in on him is —"

"Gone. We threw that out."

"And Logan and Jess don't really find Sanctuary, they just find that outside the hive city is fresh air and grass and stuff and that's Sanctuary—which is the all-time cliché in SF, that's been done in all kinds of —"

"It'll work fine, believe me. Nobody remembers."

"And you've dropped the 'Mech Eagles', the 'Pleasure Gypsies', the 'Watchman', the tiger in Washington, the ice 'Hell', the Peep Party, and all the —"

"We didn't want any of those."

"Gee, Saul, I can't help thinking that the screenplay I wrote with Johnson back in '66 and which MGM bought with the book is really much better, because it has all the necessary —"

"It figures you'd think that. We threw all those pages away."

"I hope it turns out to be a good picture, but, frankly, Saul, having read Goodman's screenplay I seriously doubt that the film will be —"

"I'll be great. Just great. Believe me."

"Of course I never said any of these things to Saul David. And he never replied to me on these things either. I like Saul. I like MGM."

"But I'm not sure I'm going to like

the film they are making out of my novel!

LIKE EATING ONE PEANUT

PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES is by Edward Bryant out of Harlan Ellison's award-winning (and unproduced, more's the pity) TV script.

It is an episode novel—an opening chapter to what I hope will be the full story of *The Starlost*—of the Ark.

We all know by now, I imagine, that Harlan learned yet again, the hard way, about venal, lying, double-dealing TV promoters and producers. His vaunted TV series, *THE STARLOST*, so full of potential and quality, became half-vaulted, and a pile of turds on the screen.



WASTE, WASTE, WASTE. The full story of the disaster (from which Harlan withdrew early-on) is detailed in Harlan's introduction: "Somehow, I Don't Think We're In Kansas, Toto."

The novelization by Ed Bryant is very good. As Harlan says, the man can write. It's the story of a young rebel in a fundamentalist religious culture. He first antagonizes the Elders with blasphemy and uncomfortable questions, and then goes against the (rigged) dictates of the God voice which selects mates for the young people. Devon wants Rachel, and Rachel wants him, but—

Hunted, he accidentally discovers a bounce tube and "falls" to a crew's section of what he learns is the Ark—a colossal space ship sent on its way

to find a new home for mankind, because Earth was doomed. The Ark is gigantic—450 huge biosphere domes in an incredible cluster.

But an 'accident' killed the crew and disturbed the course of the Ark. In five years the ship and its hundreds of now isolated cultures of peoples from Earth will plunge into the heart of a sun.

Devon learns all this in a crew library, returns to his home biosphere, and... Well, they try to kill him. He gets away, with Rachel, and together (with a brave, following rival) they must attempt to warn some of the other biospheres and find a way to turn the Ark. The crew have all been dead for 420 years.

A series of Ark novels is called for. I hope they are in the works.

This is Fawcett M3188, 95¢.

E PLURIBUS DISPUTUM

Michael Kurland's *PLURIBUS* (Doubleday, \$5.95) reminds me faintly of Roger Zelazny's *DAMNATION ALLEY*, except that *PLURIBUS* is slower paced, less violent, less bizarre.

This is an After-The-Man-Made-Plague novel. Seventy-three years after The Death Ignorance and fundamentalist religion are ascendant, and science is Evil.

There are enclaves of learning and preservers of knowledge. There is a colony on Mars, with precious little, uncertain radio contact.

Mars scientists discover that a mutated plague virus is soon to appear on Earth and will probably wipe out 90% of the remaining few millions of people; this disaster will force the survivors back to stone-age living.

The scattered scientist organize their few resources and old machines to help a Mars ship land on Earth with the vaccine.

The story is mainly that of Mordecai Lehrer, a shrewd, educated old man posing as an itinerant pedler. He leaves with a young man and woman from the Pacific Palisades enclave on a

cross-continent horse-and-wagon journey to Chicago, distributing vaccine instruction kits along the way to other scientist/learning enclaves. They are also carrying the west coast library in microfiche, for safe-keeping in Chicago.

The entertainment and fascination is in their adventures on the way, the multi-leveled, varied cultures and societies they encounter, the dangers...

I enjoyed the book. It won't win any awards, but it becomes more and more credible after a terribly clichéd opening chapter.

MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER, MAKE ME A MATCH

There is an editing convention, a kind of rule-of-thumb, that in editing an anthology or collection—you save the best for the last. The reader leaves the book with the impact of a strong, superior story in his mind.

THE NEW ATLANTIS (Hawthorn Books, \$7.95) is another of the new breed of anthologies—three novellas by different authors on a given theme. This one is edited by Robert Silverberg.

Theme: Mankind looking for another home...and the dangers and problems inherent in that project.

The three are "Silhouette" by Gene Wolfe, "The New Atlantis" by Ursula K. Le Guin, and "A Momentary Taste of Being" by James Tiptree, Jr.

And Tiptree is the winner. But don't think that only the Tiptree is a good story; they're all fine. This anthology is one of the best I've read, and one of the best Silverberg has put together.

It may be that Gene Wolfe is growing on me; I enjoyed "Silhouette" much— with its hints of paranoia, understated ruthlessness, alien menace, jealousy, sex, violence...hey, just my formula! And a dose of subtle philosophy concerning the nature of man and the value of cultural diversity...and, over all, the treachery of a single-minded, literal computer. Well, not treachery, but the dangers of worshipping authority.

Have I got it right this time, Gene?

I'm sure I don't understand Ursula's "The New Atlantis." It is set in a USSR type social dictatorship in the near future—in Oregon. The place names are very familiar to me. The story is depressing because it is so viable; you think, "Yeah, that's the way it'll be—all that spying and suspicion and 'for the good of the country' shit."

And there's the almost casual throw-away hints about new lands rising from the seas...and the awakening entities inhabiting the rising lands...the Old Ones? Very tantalizing.

In Tiptree's "A Momentary Taste of Being" we have a treat: a story John Campbell would have killed for. Not for its hard science, nor for its Competent Man philosophy; both are present but not stressed.

Campbell would have loved it, I think, for its uncompromising view, its inevitable slide to doom, its unwavering eye. The story ends with one man, a survivor of an alien impact on a spaceship sent to seek a new Eden for mankind. This man saves mankind in a fashion... if enough time and social/scientific disintegration have occurred on Earth since the ship left.

That's confusing, but I refuse to make it clear. I can be obscure, too, damn it. (You want me to ruin the story for you?)

The superiority of Tip's fiction is in his giving (and his ability to give) a multi-leveled whole view of character, ship society, politics, command levels, interlocking specialties...and the suspense—the danger—of the alien in the scout ship tethered to the mother ship.

The realism of life is there, in fine perspective, and rings true—so true!

And the Revelation of mankind's true role in the universe is disturbing. It makes you wonder if we should even try to go Out There.

Who was that cliché I saw you with last night?

That was no cliché, that was my novel!

Words like 'workmanlike', 'professional', 'competent' and phrases like 'run of the mill' and 'no surprises' come to mind.

I'm speaking of Robert Hoskins' THE SHATTERED PEOPLE, a new science fiction novel from Doubleday (\$5.95).

It is the familiar story of an Earth empire of space ruled secretly but effectively by the head of police, and of the underground led (this time) by the Empress and her commoner lover of long standing.

There is a "humanitarian" way of disposing of criminals and political opposition—the mind wipe and transport to an alien, Earthlike planet for marginal survival with other thousands of wipe-ees on a tribe level, with only basic survival information programmed in the mind.

Bob tells the story in alternating chapters (mostly) from the point of view of the Empress's consort and from the point of view of Aaron, a leader of one of the tribes of transported people. Much of Aaron's wordage is subtle padding—but is often interesting, as when he fights the savage lopals and discovers the huge flying alien creatures that inhabit the sky are sentient — and telepathic.

As is often the case, however, the empire is never given substance or real dimension; it is a piece of sf furniture kept in the next room—mentioned but never seen.

Yes, the evil head-of-police dictator-behind-the-scenes is defeated and the Good Empress is returned to full power with intent to institute reforms.

Ehh!

Government regulation always overrules the consumers. What consumers don't want, they don't have to buy; what governments don't want, consumers can't buy. What consumers want (protection, inspection, etc), they can get; what the government thinks they should have, consumers are forced to take and forced to pay for.

It's important to recognize that these government decisions are not benevolent, kindly forms of advice and help. No, they are enforced by violence. If you should ever decide that your business will continue to provide what consumers want, despite government regulations, you'll be met with violence.

You'll be fined. If you refuse to pay the fine, your bank accounts will be seized. If you continue to provide what consumers prefer, you'll be ordered to close your business. If you resist, gentlemen with guns will take you to jail.

Absolutely every government regulation is enforced by violence. If you've never seen that violence, it's because you've been careful, obedient, or lucky. Would regulations still be obeyed if the police, courts and jails were dissolved?

—HOW I FOUND FREEDOM IN AN UNFREE WORLD by Harry Browne

THE SHEEP LOOK UP---AND LISTEN TO--- THE KING KONG BLUES

I couldn't help thinking of John Brunner's last few books—the approaching horror of our winters of dystopian discontent—as I read Sam J. Lundwall's version of the same basic scenario for humanity in the next few generations.

He uses his native Sweden for the local hell of social disintegration, overpopulation and materialism which is due to terminally afflict the world.

Shudder All this Doom makes me glad I'm already 47 years old. I might live to see 2000 A.D., but not much more. The near future isn't much to look forward to, judging from Sam's



He has taken trends and incidents from Now and extrapolated...the 'If This Goes On—' business...to 2018 A.D. and gotten a world which is secretly owned by an arab prince who plays games with his possession...an overpopulated, over-industrialized, over-polluted, over-erotized, over-commercialized nightmare of a world that is on a very fast treadmill to disaster.

The kind of world that was predicted 45 years ago for 1975. Correctly predicted. We are now the socio-economic horror envisioned in 1930. (And 1930 was the disaster foreseen in 1890...and 1890 was the doom seen in 1850...as 1 A.D. was the coming horror prophesied in 65 B.C.....)

I think I like best the picture of degraded, commercialized religion painted by Sam, with the subliminals rampant urging BUY! BUY! BUY! And the foul-ups in the government computers—with the sabotage by revolutionists—which result in invisible, people, non-persons, who exist in abandoned areas in an underground society, with an underground economy.

The arab prince who has made a hobby of buying and controlling the entire world is fascinating; his real values are shattering—he has nothing but contempt for the 'white devils'. And when his older brother, the king, burns down his shed and destroys the files and the computer terminal with which he played with the world (for his own good, you understand—that hobby was becoming too important to him—he was neglecting his wife, his horse and his rifle) the result is....

(2018 A.D. OR THE KING KONG BLUES, DAW UY 1161, \$1.25)

This book has apparently made the Best Seller list in Sweden, and Sam J. Lundwall has made/sung a 33 RPM record of songs illustrating the text. Don Wollheim sent me a copy of the record (one of six he imported). Sam sings the songs in Swedish, naturally enough. The music has a good rock beat and the musicianship is damned good.

Play it again, Sam.

'I must say you have reached me with the odd letter from Jim Martin that you published in #13.

'Mr. Martin accuses me of the heinous crime of hugging "any pretty thing that came by" and he is therefore "very disappointed" in me.

'What he refers to as "any pretty thing" I refer to as "young women." That's number one.

'Secondly, let me make a statement, loudly and clearly, to Mr. Martin and to anyone else who has ever, at any convention, or anywhere, found himself disapproving my penchant for kissing and hugging young women—

'I intend to keep on doing it. As long as I can totter around (or be carried around, if necessary) and as long as the young women don't actively resist me, I intend to kiss and hug and hug and kiss.

'As for those who disapprove, they may leave the premises rather than remain to be horrified at the sight—with Mr. Martin leading the way. And if, in the process of leaving, they should find themselves on the highway to Hell, that suits me, too.'

PURE AND SIMPLE

Dean R. Koontz has never been known for his depth or ease of characterization (even though he tries, he tries...) and his newest sf novel, NIGHTMARE JOURNEY (Putnam, \$6.95) is of his usual quality.

Dean, from the beginning of his writing career (perhaps even in the myriad sex novels he wrote early-on) has been a do-gooder, anti-authoritarian liberal in the philosophies expressed in his stories. He has killed God a lot, and revolt against future dictatorships has been high in his favor

In this novel the brotherhood of man and of all telepathic beings is affirmed...except, of course, mankind turns out in the end to be superior in the psi dept. We are eventual rulers of the seavagram, I presume, after an incubation period on Earth.

See, in the beginning, mankind went to the stars and eventually ran into superior beings—telepaths—who made us feel like turds. Mankind shrank back to Earth and played masturbatory games with his genes, with artificial wombs, and indulged in a final world war that wiped out civilization and left all kinds of ruins and wonders and a scattering of still-functioning devices and robots and such.

In the time of the novel there are the Pures (a residue of parasitic, non-telepathic humans of "normal" genetic makeup who practice a self-serving racist religion; their holy mission is to rid their ranks of tainted, genetically variant, humans) and the intelligent, surviving, viable results of the artificial wombs whom the Pures contemptuously consider animals—that-talk.

Jask is a Pure who suddenly developed telepathic powers (the seeds are sprouting...). He escapes, links up with a telepathic bear-man, and they eventually link with a party of three other Different telepaths. The group seek out the Black Presence—an alien Watcher stationed on Earth to monitor mankind.

There is danger, love, etc. as Jask gradually overcomes his Pure religious training and accepts his telepathy and the others as humans.

#

Just once I'd like to see a novel written (and published!) that says hey, maybe racism and xenophobia have long-range value for the species, and maybe there is a species benefit in our killing each other and our gut hatred of the Different.

Why can't war and genocide and racism be God's way of thinning and pruning his pets? He made us this way, after all. How DARE we try to change ourselves and value some aspects of our makeup over other, equally God-given aspects.

Shouldn't we rejoice when war breaks out? We're unconsciously doing God's Work and furthering His Purpose.

No, I'm not mocking. If there is an all-powerful, all-knowing Creator,

this way of thinking is logical...obligatory. We don't need a Devil to blame for our "bad" actions and thoughts, because no matter what we do we're doing God's Will!

God made me write this. He's got a sense of humor. I kinda like Him this way. I can live with a God like this.

'Way to go, God, baby!

WITH DECEPTIVE, REPETITIVE EASE

...he writes these short cynical, satirical, mocking stories of planets-next-door like Murdstone (of the Barnum system) full of venal, sexy, murderous people caught up in the dirty but necessary business of living.

What I like about Ron Goulart's writing is its japey of government and politicians...in fact, of everyone. Even himself in the persona of Jose Silvera, the itinerant free-lance writer who is forever trying to collect the balance due from important people who try to stiff him.

And I love his lean prose—stripped to the muscle and bone, yet with space for the telling details of character and personality—almost always funny and all-too-human.

Nothing works quite right in Goulart's worlds of high and low crime, yet Silvera always gets his money and the criminal his just deserts.

The name of this collection is ODD JOB #101—And Other Future Crimes And Intrigues. From Scribners, \$6.95.

Light reading with a long needle.

'Winston Churchill's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a dazzling orator who seemed certain to cap a brilliant political career by one day becoming Prime Minister. Alas, he had contracted syphilis in his youth—and the disease progressed unchecked so that, as his friend Lord Rosebery observed, "he died by inches in public." Irrationality born of paresis led to a number of rash judgements, including abruptly resigning from the Cabinet. Ravaged by the illness, he made his

last speech before Parliament. It was so garbled that members of the House of Commons fled into the lobby out of pity and shame. With a terrible, mad look, Churchill screamed after them, "You damned fools!"

—PSYCHOSMATICS by Howard R. and Martha E. Lewis

AND THE SAGA GOES ON--- AND THE SAGA GOES ON

Roger Zelazny's third novel-length segment of the Amber saga, SIGN OF THE UNICORN, is a failure as a self-contained novel. His problems are insurmountable. He has major characters recount past events, dredge up old motives, and recite history at the drop of a Trump card, but the book is still incomplete, still the preamble to the final, climactic book(s) of the series.

The black road still lurks as an evil breach into Amber's security, the missing King of Amber and the missing Princes still hover not-quite-really dead in the realms of Shadow, or somewhere, and Corwin, subtly changed in character, is still enmeshed in Machiavelian court conspiracy.

We are promised a stunning ending to the saga: 'these princes and princesses—led by Corwin, perhaps the strongest among them—move closer and closer to a revelation of their kingdom's true nature....a shocking vision that suddenly transcends all the mysteries and contradictions of the strange phenomenon called Amber...'

The first two book-length segments of this series were NINE PRINCES IN AMBER and THE GUNS OF AVALON.

SIGN OF THE UNICORN is a Doubleday book, \$5.95.

LETTER FROM MIKE GILBERT

'Jon Gustafson has written the most literate and accurate article on s-f art in ages. It is especially important because it is written by someone who is not involved to a degree where anyone can accuse him of "sour grapes" or grudge fights. The Art Director (or the decision-maker who outranks him) is your "villain", and Jon's views of art-



ists were quite objective and fair.... It's nice to hear someone who isn't in it talk about this stuff.'

THE GIMLET EYE Commentary on Science Fiction & Fantasy Art By Jon Gustafson

For my critique of current magazine covers, I am going to pick out the two best and the two worst that I have seen in the past five months, from the prozines (not including VERTEX, which appears to be on the borderline between fanzines and prozines). (('choke'))

To begin, there is an excellent cover illustration on the May issue of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. It's by an artist I haven't heard of before, Darío Campanile, and whose evident skill should land him many more commissions in the future. The picture has a very strong, almost classically Surrealistic look about it, almost as if Salvador Dali or Rene Magritte were at the artist's elbow and assisting him at his task. It shows a disembodied hand resting upon a rather badly abused book, which shows the unmistakable effects of fire. The hand and book are, in turn, lying on an overturned tree stump, lying on its side in a vast, empty desert. The overall hue of the picture is that of dried blood, a kind of dusky rube-scence that implies death. Even the sky is brownish-red, with a scattered sprinkling of stars and a small moon. The cover gives one a definite feeling of a great catastrophe of some kind; the desolateness of the landscape is extreme.

Even though the tone of the painting is depressing, the execution is superb and the effect is one that would grab the passing eye and draw attention to itself (that's the reason for cover art, remember?). There was much cge

taken with the picture; each twist of the roots, the texture of the bark, the veins in the hand, the "lettering" in the book, the burnt edges of the pages, all point out that the artist took his time with the painting. He wanted to do it right, and he did. This is a superb example of what science fiction illustration can be.

In my last column, I was somewhat harsh on Jack Gaughan, for good reasons. Generally, he cannot handle color work as well as he can handle straight b/w interior illustration; he is very nearly a genius at those. Much of his color work lacks the touch of class he gives to his pen-and-ink illustrations. The cover he did for the May issue of ANALOG is an exception. And what an exception!! I sincerely believe it is the very best color illustration I have ever seen Jack do.

It shows an iridescent blue sea-beast shaped much like a stocky Pliosaur, rising up from a turbulent sea in an effort to reach one or both of the hang-gliding humans that are circling above it. The basic color of the work is blue, again a break from the Gaughan of the past, who normally tended to the red end of the spectrum. The sea-beast, called a scylla in the story, is done in a smooth, almost silky style; he really lets you know what the flesh of the scylla would feel like if you were foolhardy enough to try to touch it. The waves meet where the scylla emerges from the water and seem to be urging the animal even further up; the whole movement pushes strongly up and to the right. This vertical diagonal is balanced very nicely by the bright crimson wings of one hang-glider, which is angled much more horizontally, as if the person (a woman) were just completing a turn and was starting to level out. To counter the wing (which, due to the brightness of the color of the wings, is the strongest and most noticeable line in the picture), Gaughan has put in a spire-like rock rising from the sea in the left background and has it almost parallel to the line created by the scylla. A line of dark blue-gray clouds bisects

the painting horizontally almost at the midpoint.

If the face of the woman in the picture was not a standard Gaughan-type face, and if his name wasn't placed both on the painting itself and on the contents page inside, I really would have had trouble believing he did this particular cover. It is so different from the general run of stuff he does that it is mind-boggling. Where he was rough and angular in his former work, he was smooth and slick in this one, with an eye for feeling and texture that he was missing before. The skin of the scylla gives off the perfect balance of wetness and lubricousness expected of a creature of the deeps. The water gives the feeling of mid-ocean waves; he has captured the essence of the sea in both the scylla and the waves.

ANALOG has for a long time led the rest of the science fiction mags in the aspect of cover illustrations; this cover is an excellent example of their leadership and should inspire the rest of the magazines to follow suit. I do not mean simply that the rest of the field should imitate ANALOG's style, but I do think they should try to get the quality that ANALOG has shown. It's not that hard; there are plenty of fine science fiction illustrators floating around and I doubt than many of them turn down commissions. Gaughan is one of the best, and almost any of his work would be an asset to any mag. This ANALOG cover proves it.

The faint sound you hear in the background is me whetting my dissecting knives in preparation for these next two covers; the two worst of the last five months. I do not like bad artwork in any field and least of all in the field I am most fond of, science fiction. I am very much opposed to anything that will lessen the stature of the SF world and that especially includes SF art. With the fine field of science fiction illustrators available, there is absolutely no excuse for bad SF art.

One of the most inexcusable illustrations I have ever seen is on the March issue of GALAXY. Shades of the Lone Ranger! It is done by Freff (first name still unknown; I wish GALAXY would put the full name of their cover artist somewhere in the mag), whose quality hasn't improved any since the last time I chewed up one of his (her?) covers. The work is sloppily done and almost so badly done as to relegate it to the world of (shudder) the Marvel Comics Group. It's a cartoonish-appearing effort, and definitely below the standards that a leading science fiction mag like GALAXY should have.

The cover shows the Lone Ran... er, the hero of Zelazny's novel astride a rearing white horse of indeterminate sex, apparently preparing to jump off a cliff (at least, the hero seems to want



to; the horse looks like it's having second thoughts). To the left is an area of black, denoting emptiness, and to the right is the horse, and shamrock green foliage. The rider is gaudily attired in silky tunic, orange tights, knee-high boots, and an almost-mandatory billowing scarlet cape. The horse is your basic white model with blue shading; around his head there is some kind of radiating lines of color, purpose unknown.

bination of water color and crayons, with a few touches of colored pencil thrown in for good measure. I am not against this combination of materials, but they don't work too well together and have to be used very carefully to be effective.) I think 'shoddy' is the word that best expresses my feelings about this particular work.

The last work I'll peck to pieces is the cover illo for the July issue of FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. I was al-



The overall effect of the cover, besides one of cheapness, is that it gives the impression that the whole thing is about to slide off to the right, off the cover and onto the floor. The reason is that the black portion on the left effectively cuts off any visual connection with the left border, thereby placing all the emphasis on the right; this creates an imbalance that is uncorrected by the short blue and purple lines that sneak off to the left from near the top of the painting. (I'm not too sure of the medium used, but it seems to be a com-

most afraid to look for the names of the "creators" of this monstrosity, but I forced myself; the guilty parties are Maze and Schell.

If the GALAXY cover is cheap in appearance, then this one is genuine bargain basement. It shows a hindu-type statue (in olive green) with a blue ray beaming out of one eye. The ray passes behind a woman floating in air and is bisecting what looks like half a planet below and to the left. On the flat part of the sphere sits a brown pyramid. While the cover on GALAXY appeared to be sliding off to the right, this one looks like it is going to rock off to the right, using the bottom of the

sphere as a pivot. The background is a flat, unrelieved black; devoid of character. The colors are flat (not a sin in itself, but a definite hindrance in this case), the execution is childish, and the overall effect is so cheap that it almost makes me weep.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION does not appear to have an Art Editor; the contents page does not list one. Still, it strains my credulity that the magazine can have such a wide range of quality in its covers; May was gold and silk—July was a steaming pile of horse manure. It doesn't make sense!

It is extremely hard for me to write about a cover of such low quality (I've spent an hour on the last two hundred words). I cry and gnash my teeth when I see something of such low character when I know some potential buyers will pass up the issue because it looks so dumb; if they read the stories they might be won over to SF. Why, WHY do so many of the science fiction mags insist on slitting their own throats with rotten cover illustrations? (Aaargh, gnash, gnash.)

Oh, well, see you next time.

SMALL PRESS NOTES

It's interesting and depressing to read through a serious review of science fiction like FOUNDATION.

In the current big double issue (#7 and #8) Robert Silverberg does an autobiographical number and discusses his life and his writing.

And Samuel Delany writes long and hard about himself and the technical side of language, communication, and writing.

Douglas Barbour professorily examines Delany's novels. George Turner disputes with editor Peter Nicholls over the beginnings of science fiction. Robert Chapman writes hard and long on sf in the 1950s. There is poetry... And a host of well-done reviews by well-known sf critics and writers.

So why am I depressed? There is hardly a word of concern for the reader of science fiction, his rights and expectations. One would think that the

care and feeding of the science fiction reader would be of prime concern to these high-powered pros and fans. Nope. The reader is ignored. The writers are concerned with their Art, and the critics are concerned with the Art and with the Writers.

SFR is apparently the only fan magazine concerned with the "entertainment" quotient of science fiction stories and novels.

This FOUNDATION double issue costs \$3.50, from: The Editor, FOUNDATION The Science Fiction Foundation, North East London Polytechnic, Longbridge Road, Essex RM8 2AS, England.

Frank C. Bertrand, simmering over my comments about his SFORUM — he is the editor — called me and also wrote a letter asking that I inform all you avid readers that SFORUM is a journal with articles, short fiction, poetry, artwork and special features...besides reviews.

SFORUM bills itself as 'A Informally Outrageous SF Journal.' It is neither informal nor outrageous, in my opinion... I am easily informal and not easily outraged.

But I am a carper who doesn't like being carped at. SFORUM (dumb title) costs \$1. Try one and see if I'm right. From: 23 Grove St., Dover, NH 03820

"The Discovery of the Future" by James Gunn is subtitled The Ways Science Fiction Developed and is an 8½ x 11 booklet published by the Texas A & M Library, and is their Miscellaneous Publication #15. The publication is available for \$2. from the library administrative offices.

It is an interesting lecture, tracing the history of sf through its Changes. And it has fascinating detail... such as that Mary Shelley, the author of FRANKENSTEIN, was 18 years old when she began the novel. And so science fiction as we know it was started by a young woman.

Martin Last (I presume) did send me copies of the first four monthly issues of THE SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, in June, and I have looked them over, sampled the reviews, and concluded the 24 page, 5½ x 8½ offset format (no artwork, books-reviewed listed on the cover) is like SFR, a labor of love, and will last as long as the reviewers and the editors and the publisher wish to subsidize it.

Each issue contains 30 or more reviews, and the reviews range from excellent to adequate.

\$12.00 per year in U.S., \$15.00 elsewhere. Back issues: \$1.25 each. From: 56 8th Av., New York, NY 10014.

A brief word of appreciation in re WHISPERS #6-7. Stuart Schiff puts out a hell of a horror/Lovecraft zine that is also a center for information and news of small press publishing and activity in the sub-genre WHISPERS represents. A must-have if your interests include that area. #6-7 (combined issue) has fiction by Fritz Leiber, Henry Hasse, and Manly Wade Wellman. This double issue costs \$3.50. From: Stuart Schiff, 5508 Dodge Dr., Fayetteville, NC 28303.

Michael Butterworth Publications puts out intriguing magazines that change title every issue: last issue New Writings Quarterly was CRUCIFIED T.O.A.D.; this issue is WORDWORKS (#6) and features fiction by Michael Moorcock, Paul Ableman and Heathcote Williams. A provocative surrealist cover. Fine artwork. \$1.00 should get you a copy from: 10 Charter Road, Altrincham, Cheshire, England.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

HUGO WINNING ALGOL: The Magazine About Science Fiction has full color covers, slick typeset interiors and Le Guin, Stapleford, Williamson, Lupoff and White in the Summer issue. \$1.50 or 6/\$6.00. Coming soon: Silverberg, Benford, Montealeone, in the magazine with more readers than SFR.

PROZINE NOTES

A reader sent me a note saying he thought Jack Williamson's "The Eternity Engine" in the June GALAXY is incredibly racist—dealing with analogues of the wise, altruistic white men who try to help the ignorant, backward natives who cannot cope with their population pressures and city crime and such. White Man's Burden philosophy.

(Of course, the fact that the hero is a black man and the heroine white... not relevant to this discussion, except as an instance of an old dog determined to learn new tricks.)

So, anyway, I read the story.

Granted, it's a bad story because of stilted, stereotyped dialogue and characters, and an incredible happy ending pulled out of the computer, and the interstellar organization of humans called Benefactors is perhaps unconsciously arrogant and patronizing to the native aliens...

I think Mr. Williamson was striving for Relevancy and Liberality. The cloying brotherhood-of-man thing.

But he is clumsy and incompetent in this story. The gigantic mining machine left behind by the superior swarms (and the titanic hole it and the other swarmworlds machines created) were of more interest than the Right-Thinking-and-Wise sociology and philosophy. This story was a mistake...by Jack Williamson, writer, and by Jim Baen, editor.

Ted White as man, fan, and editor is a sometimes sad, sometimes exasperating, sometimes admirable creature.

As a writer, I find him better than he perhaps realizes, and I point to his short story, "What Is Happening To Sarah Anne Lawrence?", in the September AMAZING.

This is a strong, well-told, wry, tragic, cynical story of a future government's use of its citizens. After all, isn't it called the Department Of Human Resources?

And how inevitable and natural that a (still) male-dominated/controlled power-structure should see a massive

human (male) need and act to satisfy it...in a "humanitarian" way, of course.

LETTER FROM JERRY POURNELLE

3-19-75

A reader who signs himself 'Andy' (A double curse upon those correspondents who neglect to put their full name on letters.) reports:

'I would like to update your info on PERRY RHODAN. I happen to be one of those despised, scorned Rho-fans.

'P.R. is back to 2-3-month. And ATLAM won't come out until 1976. Ace is worried about the economy, it seems. This info is from Wendyack Ackerman, whom I met at Equicon.

'Why don't you have a look at COSMOS. It was serialized in PR #32 -#60, and is just fascinating. Some good writing by Merritt and Miller, some godawful stuff by Campbell, Keller, et. al....

'Actually, I found COSMOS more interesting in plot & concept than writing. Just think. 17 chapters. 19 authors. Cast of thousands. And originally published in a fanzine. A fanzine!

'I met Ed Hamilton at the 1974 witchcraft & sorcery convention and informally asked him some questions. It seems Ray Palmer was the plotter ((of COSMOS)). He started off smiling, and ended up asking Ed to finish it off in such a way as to make a sequel impossible. You can see how well he did it in chapter 17. Could it be done again?

Andy goes on to suggest I initiate a sequel—another round-robin sf extravaganza of leading writers....

No. Writers nowadays are much more money-minded than in the 30s and 40s. If I were to line up a dozen or so sf writers and they agreed to do 2-3,000 words of a serial for SFR...some publisher would want to buy rights to it. Can you imagine the complications of that contract? The hassles...the unending correspondence....

'Thanks for the review of MOTE. Restores my faith in something or other. MOTE gets very good reviews in the mundane press, and strange ones in fan circles: "I liked this book too much to destroy it as it should be destroyed, so I'm going to go find a hired gun to do a job on it." He did it, too.'

((Something like the frantic, sophomore, killer review of MOTE that DeLap published in the June issue of DELAP'S F & SF REVIEW, by James K. Burk? In his other reviews in that issue Burk is calm, rational and shows good judgement. But when reviewing MOTE he went sarcastic and sneering and critically berserk in his desire (need?) to put down the book.))

'We keep getting criticized for (1) not being relevant, and not having any important message in the novel, while simultaneously (2) putting forth an unacceptable social proposition, namely that democracy is neither inevitable nor necessarily the only reasonable form of government. Sometimes the same reviewer will say both. And yet we never claimed to do anything more than write a novel which we hope people will like, and won't feel too unhappy over the terribly high price the book's length forced onto the publisher. (And to keep costs down we did no re-writing in galley, and furnished one of the cleanest manuscripts in history, and did extensive copy editing ourselves.)

'Regarding titles like "Duke" and such: no, we don't suspect those will survive. We do suspect the offices will, or might, or at least that such a world is possible; and since "Duke" is no more than "Leader", and whatever titles we used would be translations, we simply used the current terms. Perhaps for flavor we might have spoken of hereditary Presidents, Chairmen, Ward Captains, Administrators and Commissioners, and the rest, giving the reader a translation of our translation and explanations for why we chose which for what; there are times when I'm inclined to think we should have gone that route. But we didn't, and I don't think it's a

terribly serious flaw except for those who want it to be.

'I will defend the proposition that heredity may yet play a large part in human government. Anyone want to bet odds that John-John won't become President when he's eligible? Who's the current Governor of California? Heredity isn't a particularly good way to ensure that you've got the best man for the job; but then are elections? Heredity at least settles the matter (and sometimes that's very important) and settles it early enough to let you educate the chap for the job beginning at an early age. Human societies have turned from elections to heredity more than once in the past—despite essay after essay to the effect that progress has taken us all beyond the concept of personal government.

'Recall Claudius? The Republican who had nothing but contempt for Imperial government? And who, crying "Long Live the Republic" was carried off by an old Roman Sergeant to the Campus Martius, and became not only Emperor, but the inventor of the Civil Service that kept the Empire going? Read one of his contemporaries on the follies of imperial government and the virtues of democracy.

'Will the future be that way? Quien Sabe? But I'll defend the proposition that it might be.

'All of which explanation didn't belong in MOTE and wasn't there, yet one suspects that because it wasn't there we got whacked over the head (not by you; as stated, thanks for the review, and your questions at the end of it are certainly legitimate.)

'As to the question "Will midshipmen still be around in navies of that time?", I'll take a more positive stand: probably. We have the rank in the U.S. Navy right now. We also have the rank of "Ensign", which comes from quite an ancient designation for a junior officer who carried the banners and had to be trustworthy and courageous. If we keep those titles in the days of aircraft carriers and submarines and Skylab, why would they later vanish? Navies are the most conservative organizations ever observed; hell, the US Ad-

mirals (and there's another ancient rank) aren't sure they should have taken the sails off those things.

'I'll definitely argue that naval organization will prevail in space. The US Air Force is organized around its traditions, which are basically short missions (hours to a day or so at most) with most of the time spent at a large base with lots of people and a big complex organization. Navies, on the other hand, are organized around a basic mission of crews cooped up together for a long time, in conditions that aren't necessarily dangerous but might be if somebody made a horrible mistake, nothing to do for weeks to months to years, and sudden flurries of frantic activity. That describes shipboard life in the Empire in MOTE. Have we a better way to deal with that than formalities, isolation of the Captain, social and legal differentiation between the ratings who have to actually do all the long boring jobs and the officers who are responsible for seeing they're done and who take command in the emergencies; in short, have we a better organization structure than naval tradition for those conditions? Maybe; but if so, nobody seems to have discovered it.

'The Navy in THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE is not really very different from the US or Soviet Navy today (although more like the Soviet than the present US just now; how long the Z-gran reorganization of USN will last is a matter of opinion.)

'No: people in 3017 will not say "God's Teeth!" But they may use rather mild blasphemous expletives; once again, should we have come up with our view of future expletives, used them knowing we were translating, and then explained them to the reader? Perhaps; I'm willing to concede it might have been a better book for it. I do hope the device we used wasn't so irritating that it got in the way of reader enjoyment. If it were, then we made a bad mistake; but if it merely gets in the way of people who don't like that kind of adventure novel to begin with, then we didn't; and if the far-out expletives would have gotten in the way of people who would otherwise have enjoyed the

book, we were certainly correct to choose the course we set.

'Is there much in it either way? I don't mean that as a smart-aleck question.

'SF novels have a problem: certain devices are expected by fans. Yet if they're to make any money they must "break out of category", that is, achieve a much wider sale than do most sf books. To do that, they must not be filled with devices easily comprehended by fans, but unintelligible, disturbing, or distracting to the wider readership. And using fan oriented terms and conventions, then explaining them to the readers, seems to me a sure-fire formula for disaster: fans will feel put-upon and talked down to, and the wider reader will be confused, or find so much unfamiliar conventional material that he can't follow the book; or something.

I WILL NEVER BE
BEAUTIFUL OR STRONG
OR WISE, JOE, BUT
GOD DAMN IT! IT AIN'T
FAIR I SHOULD NEVER BE
RICH!



'Anyway, MOTE has sold well. I'm told it will be nominated for a Hugo, although at this moment I don't know that. Mr. Pohl ruled it wasn't eligible for Nebula last year because it

came out theoretically in November, but the first commercially available copies didn't appear until December, after the close of SFWA's Nebula Year; but I doubt it's a major contender for the Nebula anyway. It's not that kind of book. Whether the kind of book MOTE is should be contending for Nebulae is another matter. I think so; I don't think the Nebula ought to be reserved for stories that are far-out and enjoyable only by the illuminati, because I think that tends to keep SF in the literary ghetto. Whether, of its kind, MOTE is a good enough example to be a contender is something else again. I have my opinion, of course.

'Well, again thanks for the review, and glad you liked the book. We enjoyed writing it, and we did hope people would have fun reading it.'

AN EXCHANGE WITH DON WOLLHEIM

6-23-75

'Dear Don:

I've had several readers ask in letters: Who was Gregory Kern?

'I understand that the Cap Kennedy series is dead now. Would it be possible for you to list the authors of the titles for publication and for the record?

Best, REG.

6-29-75

'Dear Dick:

Cap Kennedy is not dead... just moving at a slower pace... Gregory Kern will have a novel on our December 1975 schedule, for instance. Cap is also now appearing in Japan (with a very favorable review and comment from Japan's equivalent of TIME magazine), in Germany (under the name of Commander Scott, because there is already a mystery series there called Inspektor Kennedy!), in Holland, in Sweden, and we are just concluding negotiations for a British paperback edition (to appear under a new British publisher's paperback imprint).

'As for Gregory Kern's civilian identity... some say he is Robert Silv-

erberg and some even said he was Harlan Ellison and some say I wrote his novels. All guesswork... I have no time, Bob isn't writing that kind of novel, and Harlan has yet to write a full-length sf novel. So that leaves about 400 others.

—DAW

**LETTER FROM
AVRAM DAVIDSON**

7-15-75

"Well, I had read through the Don't-admit-the-(oriental)-Jews item with some bemusement, half-thinking it was a rather heavy-handed satire against, perhaps, people were now grumping about, say, the Viet Nam refugees...and that the burden of it was that, 'Well, see, and none of them things happened...did they? No. So....'—when the ascription brought me up rather short. The textual does not say, "Ascribed to Benj. Franklin, etc." It assumes that Franklin did say it, and say it to the Continental Congress. Well, I snum. No, sir, Benjamin Franklin did not say it, anywhere to anybody; and nobody else said it to the Continental Congress, either. I am surprised that what is called "internal evidence" alone did not at once inform you that the document is just exactly what the Franklin Institute has repeatedly declared it to be, to wit a forgery, and a rather clumsy forgery at that. It is nowhere even in a class with the Vineland Map, olav ha-sholem. Er—is it perhaps necessary for me to pause, ere I depart, and point out that Olav Ha-sholem was not a Norseman?"

(Yes. As to the Franklin quote... or "quote" in SFR #13...my source did not give chapter and verse as to its origin. I took it as bona fide example of feet of clay and foot in mouth in an American founding Father Genius Who Did No Wrong, Ever. Thanks for the correction.))

LETTER FROM JOHN J. PIERCE

REG Note: John J. Pierce is the editor and publisher of RENAISSANCE, a serious, well-written, thought-provoking science fiction journal which cohabits with NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES. From: J.J. Pierce,

275 McMane Av., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922. Subs: 12/87.50.

5-30-75

'Nobody likes to admit having been made a fool of, but it appears I have been, and I want to make amends.

'I had a call from Harlan Ellison tonight — not a friendly one, of course, but I can't object to that, especially if all he says is true. It seems that he was finally so aggravated by the attacks on him by "Terry Dixon" that he hired a detective agency to track down the man — and learned there was no such person as "Dixon," but only a hoax perpetrated by parties whose names are now known to him, although not to me.

'I'd already begun to have some misgivings about "Dixon" — see the enclosed letter which I mailed him at the last address he was using. I ran into Andy Porter at the Luncheon, and he told me Dixon was becoming even more intemperate despite his brush with disaster over the Anatole France "adaptation." As you can see, the letter was returned unopened. At the time I stuck my neck out to defend Dixon against Ellison last winter, I sincerely believed him to be a basically sincere, but extremely naive and impetuous young man who was seemingly blind to his own bad judgement — particularly in his sale to Elwood (The fact he put in the references to "anatoms" and "Nova Gallia" seemed to confirm he wasn't deliberately trying to fool anyone about the source of his "adaptation.") Well, I thought, he's entitled to one bad mistake — maybe it'll teach him something.

'Obviously it didn't. If what Ellison tells me is so, there wasn't any point in trying to teach him anything. Furthermore, judging from excerpts from letters of his that Ellison read me over the phone, "Dixon's" character was far worse than naive. I want to emphasize that in his letters to me, "Dixon" was always very polite, and seemingly intelligent — apart from his obsession with Ellison's "ripoffs." And his only published attacks on Ellison I had seen were that "Hate is a

Sandpaper Ice Cube" parody and the letter to ANALOG that was too comical (whether intentionally or not) to be taken seriously. Evidently, "Dixon's" personality has been far blacker in letters to other persons, which (again to judge from the brief quotes) hardly sound as if they were written by the same person. For all I know now, they weren't. I began to hear of this sort of thing a month or so after I sent my last letter to you — Judy-Lynn del Rey told me she'd received from "Dixon" a letter written in very offensive language, and that as a result, she didn't want to have anything to do with him. Later, as I indicate in my letter to Dixon, I got similarly bad reports on him from Porter. I repeat, I had never seen any of the letters Ellison refers to — those weren't included in his "Prophet of Zorayne" affair packet.

'What the true motives behind "Dixon" are, I'm still not sure. But I wouldn't be surprised if one of them were to revive a feud between Ellison and myself so he or they as the case may be could have a good laugh. Ellison's convinced I hate him so much I'd be anyone's ally against him. Well, it's not quite true — had I known all I do now last winter, I would have stayed out of the entire Dixon-Ellison affair apart from having read "Hate is a Sandpaper Ice Cube" at the Luncheon. I wasn't at all happy to get involved last winter, but my impression of "Dixon" then wasn't what it is now, and I reasoned that while Dixon could in no sense be a "threat" to the livelihood of an established writer such as Ellison, Ellison could very easily destroy the livelihood of one like Dixon. I didn't want Ellison to be in a position of deciding who shall and who shall not be allowed to earn a living in the science fiction field. But I can't believe now that "Dixon", whoever he, she or they may be, deserves a second chance.

'I admit it — I've been played for a sucker. Here and now, I want to apologize to Ellison; not for what "Dixon" did, because, whatever he may believe, I never instigated it; but for what I did. Well, Ellison can think whatever he likes of me — I can't blame him. Our own feud had been over

for some time when all this business about "The Prophet of Zorayne" came up — I had nothing whatever to gain and everything to lose by antagonizing him again over something in which I wasn't directly involved. Whatever my opinions of Ellison, I was by then reluctant to make an issue of them — I was busy, and still am, with many other things, and the Ellison-Pierce, New Wave-Old Wave exchange had long since ceased to interest practically everybody. It was over, though, done with — we were even greeting each other pleasantly when we ran into each other at cons. Then I had to blow it — I reopened old wounds, and I knew I was doing it, but I was deceived into thinking it was for an important cause. It wasn't. It was for nothing. I don't expect Ellison to forgive me, but I do want others to know that this isn't 1968 again — I'm not launching a crusade against Ellison, I was suckered into someone else's, and I want to express my deepest regrets. The latest apparent revelations about "Dixon" have been very painful to me—I want nothing more to do with "Dixon." Ellison wants nothing more to do with me. He didn't ask me to write anything, but I think it's my duty to do so and to say that, for whatever it's worth, I'm sorry."

((Yes, welcome to the club. This is now to be known as the SFR Apology Issue. "Munch, munch..." You know, eating your own words... "Munch, munch..." Rather tasty once you get used to the sour flavor.))

BACK ISSUES

#1, #2, #3 were a personal journal titled **RICHARD E. GEIS**. All are **sold out**.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #4 is **sold out**.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #5, #6 #7, #8, #9, #19, #11 are available.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #12 #13 are available.

BACK ISSUES ARE \$1.00 EACH.

The Archives

No room for a dialog with Alter Ego this issue, I'm afraid. Next time.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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Introduction by Brian W. Aldiss.
Section 1: Is Everything An Illusion?
"21m Left Unguarded, the Jenghik Palace in Flames, Jon Westerley Dead" by Robert Shackley.
"Moonbeam in Space" by George Griffiths.
"Tonight the Sky Will Fall" by Daniel Galouye.
Section 2: "Precipices of Light That Went Forever Up..."
"The Star of Life" by Edmund Hamilton.
"After Ixmal" by Jeff Sutton.
"See Change" by Thomas N. Scortia.
Section 3: Exile Is Our Lot
"Colony" by Philip K. Dick.
"The Sword of Rhannan" by Leigh Brackett.
"All Summer in a Day" by Ray Bradbury.
"The Melt" by Jack Williamson.
Section 4: The Godlight Machines
"The Storm" by E. Van Vogt.
"The Paradox Men" by Charles Harness.
"Time Fuse" by Randall Garrett.
"The Last Question" by Isaac Asimov.
Envol by Brian W. Aldiss.

Anthony, Piers. **OMNIVORE**. Novel. 1968, 1975. Equinox 24026, \$1.95.

Asimov, Isaac. Editor. **BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE** Book Two. 1974, 1975. Fawcett 02452, \$1.50. Anthology of 1930s & 4.

Commentary by Isaac Asimov.

Part Four: 1933

"The Man Who Awoke" by Laurence Manning.

"Tied That In Show" by Charles K. Tanner.

Part Five: 1934

"Colossus" by Donald Wandrei.

"Born of the Sun" by Jack Williamson.

"Sideline In Time" by Murray Leinster.

"Old Faithful" by Raymond Z. Gallun.

Barbet, Pierre. **THE ENCHANTED PLANET**. Novel. 1973, 1975. DAW 01181, \$1.25.

Bingle, Jr., Lloyd. **THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS**. Novel. 1972, 1974. Elmfield, \$3.95.

Bliss, James. **A CASE OF CONSCIENCE**. Novel. 1953, 1958, 1975. Ballantine 24480, \$1.50.

Boyd, John. **ANDROMEDA GUN**. Novel. 1974, 1975. Berkley R2878, 95c.

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. **ENDLESS VOYAGE**. Novel. 1975. Ace 20660, \$1.25.

Brunner, John. **TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER**. Novel. 1962, 1969, 1974. Elmfield, \$3.95.

SHOCKWAVE RIDER. Novel. 1975. Harper & Row. (Book Club).

Carr, Terry. Editor. **THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR '84**. 1975. Anthology. Ballantine 24529, \$1.95. Introduction by Terry Carr.

"We Purchased People" by Frederic Pohl.

"Pale Men" by Michael Moorcock.

"The Hole Man" by Larry Niven.

"Born With the Dead" by Robert Silverberg.

"The Author of the Acacia Seeds and Other Extracts from the Journal of the Association of Therolinguistics" by Ursula K. Le Guin.
"Dark Icarus" by Bob Shaw.
"A Little Something for Us Tempnauts" by Philip K. Dick.
"On Venus, Have We Got a Rabbi" by William Tenn.
"The Engine at Heartspring's Center by Roger Zelazny.
"If the Stars Are Gods" by Gordon Eklund and Gregory Benford.
Honorable Mentions—1974 by Terry Carr.
"The Science Fiction Year" by Charles M. Brown.

Carter, Lin. **TOLKIEN: A LOOK BEHIND THE LORD OF THE RINGS**. Critical Analysis. 1969, 1969, 1975. Ballantine 24520, \$1.50.

LEARNER OF CALLISTO. Novel. (the sixth Jandar novel). 1975. Dell 4648, 95c.

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Christopher, John. **NO BLADE OF GRASS**. Novel. 1966, 1975. Equinox 23903, \$1.95.

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Davis, Richard. Editor. **THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES**, Series III. Anthology. 1975. DAW 01180, \$1.25. Introduction by Richard Davis.

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"J.F." by J.E.D. Klein.

"Uncle Wlad" by Clive Sinclair.

"Judas Story" by Brian M. Stableford.

"The House of Cthulhu" by Brian Lumley.

"Satanstoe" by Alan Weiss.

"Burger Creature" by Steve Chapman.

"Make Up Dead" by Tim Stout.

"Forget-Me-Not" by Bernard Taylor.

"Mallowen Story" by Gregory Fitz Gerald.

"Big, Wide, Wonderful World" by Charles E. Fritch.

"The Taste of Your Love" by Lody C. Bertin.

Delany, Samuel R. **NOVA**. Novel. 1968, 1969, 1975. Bantam 12243, \$1.50.

DeVet, Charles V. **SPECIAL FEATURE**. Novel. 1975. Avon 24562, 95c.

Dixon, Roger. **NOAH II**. Novel. 1970. (Original story idea by Basil Bova and Roger Dixon). Ace 5825, \$1.50.

Ellin, Stanley. **THE BLESSING METHOD**. Collection. 1975. Ballantine 24531, \$1.25.

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"The Faith of Aaron Monfeef".

"You Can't Be a Little Girl All Your Life".

"Robert".

"Unreasonable Doubt".

"The Day of the Bullet".

"Weidenbauer's Flight".

"The Seven Deadly Virtues".

"The Nine-to-Five Man".

"The Question".

Elwood, Roger. Editor. **THE BOOK OF POUL ANDERSON**. Collection. (Originally the MARK OF POUL ANDERSON book by Chilton.) 1974, 1975. DAW 01176, \$1.50. Foreword by Roger Elwood.

"Lowercase Children".

"The Queen of Air and Darkness".

"Mer Strong Enchantments Failing" (analysis) by Patrick McGuire.

"Epilogue".

"The Longest Voyage".

"Challenge and Response" (analysis) by Sandra 41

Meisel.
 "Journey's End".
 "The World Named Cleopatra".
 "The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch" by Paul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson.
 "Day of Burning".

Editor. CONTINUUM 1. Saga Series Anthology. 1974. 1975. Berkley N2828, 95¢.

Introduction by Roger Elwood.

"Stations of the Nightmare" - Part One, by Philip Jose Farmer.

"My Own, My Native Land" by Paul Anderson.

"Kavalita" by Chad Oliver.

"The Armageddon Tapes" - Tape One, by Thomas Scottia.

"Prelude to a Crystal Song" by Anne McCaffrey.

"The Dark of the June" by Gene Wolfe.

"The Children's Crusade" by Edgar Pangborn.

"The Night of the Storm" by Dean R. Koontz.

Editor. CONTINUUM 2. Saga Series Anthology. 1974. 1975. Berkley N2854, 95¢.

Introduction by Roger Elwood.

"Stations of the Nightmare" - Part Two: "The Startouched" by Philip Jose Farmer.

"Passing the Love of Women" by Paul Anderson.

"Caravans Unlimited: Stability" by Chad Oliver.

"The Armageddon Tapes" - Tape Two by Thomas R. Scottia.

"Killashandra-Crystal Singer" by Anne McCaffrey.

"The Death of Hyle" by Gene Wolfe.

"The Legend of Howbas" by Edgar Pangborn.

"The Fire Fountain" by Gail Kimberly.

Farmer, Philip Jose. DDC SAVAGE: His Apocalyptic Life. Fictional non-fiction. 1973, 1975. Bantam D885, \$1.25. (Revised from Doubleday 1973 edition.)

Ferman, Edward L. and Barry M. Malzberg. Editors. FINAL STAGE. 1975. Penguin 4039, \$2.50.

Introduction by Edward L. Ferman and Barry M. Malzberg.

"The Purchased People" by Frederik Pohl.

"The Voortrekkers" by Paul Anderson.

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"Diagrams for Three Enigmatic Stories" by Brian W. Aldiss.

"That Thou Art Mindful of Him" by Isaac Asimov.

"We Three" by Dean R. Koontz.

"An Old Fashioned Girl" by Joanna Russ.

"Catman" by Harlan Ellison.

"Space Rats of the CCC" by Harry Harrison.

"Trips" by Robert Silverberg.

"The Wonderful, All-Purpose Transmogifier" by Barry M. Malzberg.

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"A Little Something for Us Impunants" by Philip K. Dick.

Green, Roland. WANDERER'S JOURNEY. Novel. 1975. Avon 24372, 95¢.

Harbo, H.W. METROPOLIS. 1929, 1975. Novel. Gregg (G.K. Hall & Co.) \$12.50 (clothbound).

Gunn, James. THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE: The Ways Science Fiction Developed. Lecture. \$2. Texas A&M Univ. Library Misc. Pub. #13. (1975).

Hall, H.W. SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REFERENCE INDEX, 1923-1973. Reference. 1975. Gale, \$45.00.

Harregrave, M. A. NORTH BY 2000. Collection. 1975. Peter Martin Assoc., \$8.95.

"Dead to the World".

"Tangled Web".

"Protected Environment".

"Calum".

"Tee Vee Man".

"More Things in Heaven and Earth".

Heinlein, Robert A. THE PUPPET MASTERS. Novel. 1951. Signet 551-0569, 95¢.

BETWEEN PLANETS. Novel. 1951. Ace 05501, \$1.25.

HAVE SPACE SUE? - WILL TRAVEL. Novel. 1958. Ace 31801, \$1.25.

REX PLANET. Novel. 1949. Ace 71141, \$1.25.

Knight, Damon. Editor. THE BEST FROM ORBIT. Anthology. 1975. Putnam/Berkley, \$7.95.

"A Sort of Introduction" by Damon Knight.

"The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna.

"The Loolies Are Here" by Allison Rice.

"The Doctor" by Ted Thomas.

"Baby, You Were Great" by Kate Wilhelm.

"The Hole On the Corner" by R. A. Lafferty.

"I Gave Her Sack and Sherry" by Joanna Russ.

"Mother to the World" by Richard Wilson.

"Don't Wash the Carats" by Philip Jose Farmer.

"The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm.

"The Changeling" by Gene Wolfe.

"Passengers" by Robert Silverberg.

"Shattered Like a Glass Goblin" by Harlan Ellison.

"The Time Machine" by Langdon Jones.

"Look, You Think You've Got Troubles" by Carol Carr.

"The Big Flash" by Norman Spinrad.

"Jin and Mary G" by James Sallis.

"The End" by Ursula K. Le Guin.

"Continued On Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty.

"The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories" by Gene Wolfe.

"Horse of Air" by Gardner R. Dozois.

"One Life, Furnished in Early Poverty" by Harlan Ellison.

"Rite of Spring" by Avram Davidson.

"The Bystander" by Iona Lee Wharton.

"The Encounter" by Kate Wilhelm.

"Gleespirit" by Joanna Russ.

"Binaries" by James Sallis.

"AI" by Carol Enshaller.

"Live, From Berchtsgaden" by George Alec Effinger.

Kurland, Michael. PLURIBUS. Novel. 1975. Doubleday, \$5.95.

THE WHERABOUTS OF BURR. Novel. 1975. DAW U01182, \$1.25.

Lauer, Keith. DINGSAUR BEACH. Novel. DAW U01174, \$1.25. (1969, 1971, 1972.)

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Leiber, Fritz. GATHER, DARKNESS. Novel. 1950, 1953, 1975. Ballantine 24585, \$1.50.

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Lindsay, David. THE HAUNTED WOMAN. Novel. 1947, 1975. Newcaste, \$2.95.

Locke, Richard Adams. THE MOON MOAN. Novel. 1859, 1975. Gregg (G.K. Hall), \$7.50.

Lumley, Brian. THE TRANSITION OF ITTUS CROW. Novel. 1956. DAW U01173, \$1.50.

Montandon, Pat. THE INTERUDERS. Non-fiction, Supernatural. 1975. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$8.95.

Mooney, Richard F. COLUMBY: EARTH. Non-fiction. 1974, 1975. Fawcett 02436, \$1.50.

Niven, Larry. A GIFT FROM EARTH. Novel. 1968, 1973. Ballantine 24509, \$1.50.

Nolan, William F. THE RAY BRADBURY COMPANION. Bio-Bibliographic. 1975. Gale \$28.50.

Norton, Andre. MERLIN'S MIRROR. Novel. 1975. DAW U01175, \$1.25.

EYE OF THE MONSTER. Novel. 1962. Ace 23775, \$1.25.

Oliver, Chad. THE WINDS OF TIME. Novel. 1957, 1975. Equinox, \$1.95.

Panshin, Alexei. FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW. Collection. 1975. Berkley/Putnam, \$6.95.

Preface by Alexei Panshin.

"What's Your Excuse?".

"The Sons of Prometheus".

"The Destiny of Milton Gomrath".

"A Sense of Direction".

"How Georges Duchamps Discovered a Plot To Take Over the World".

"One Sunday in Reptune".

"How I'm watching Roger".

"Apogee".

"How Can We Sink When We Can Fly?".

"Sky Blue".

"When the Vertical World Becomes Horizontal".

"Farewell to Yesterday's Tomorrow".

Podler, Kit and Gerry Davis. BRAIN RACK. Novel. 1974, 1975. Pocket Books 78943, \$1.50.

Pierce, J. J. Editor. THE BEST OF CORNWALLER SMITH. Collection. 1975. Doubleday, Book Club.

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"Scanners Live in Vain".

"The Lady Who Sailed the SOUL".

"The Game of Rat and Dragon".

"The Burning of the Brain".

"Golden the Ship Was—Oh! Oh! Oh!".

"The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal".

"The Dead Lady of Clown Town".

"Under Old Earth".

"Mother Hitton's Little Kittens".

"Alpha Ralphi Boulevard".

"The Ballad of Lost C'mell".

"A Planet Named Shayol".

Platt, Charles and Hilary Bailey. Editors. NEW WORLDS MC. Orig. Spec. Spec. Fic. 1974, 1975. Equinox, \$2.95.

Introduction by Charles Platt.

"Ale Roses" by Michael Moorcock.

Five Poems by Mac King.

"Maladjustment" by J. J. Bayley.

"Black Rose and White Rose" by Rachel Pollack.

"The Kindly Ones" by John Sladek.

"The Return of the Mandarin" by Rick Gellman.

"G.I. Sparrow" by Gerard E. Giannattasio.

"A Modest Proposal" by Bertil Martensson.

"The Jewel Thief" by Ronald Anthony Cross.

"The Marlord of Saturn's Moons" by Eleanor Arnason.

"The Secret of Holman Hunt and the Crude Death Rate" by Brian W. Aldiss.

"Miss Subways" by Gwyneth Cravens.

"Lakewood Cemetery" by Ruth Berman.

"The Ghosts of Luna" by Ian Watson.

"The Wolf that Follows" by M. John Harrison.

"Dead Sky At Night" by Jean Charlotte.

"Tread" by Bruce Boston.

"Liberation" by John Spillane.

"Once More, the Dream" by as Attansio.

Three Poems by Alfonso Tafaya.

"Insect Man of Boston" by James Sallis.

"The Thalidonide Kid" by Jeremy Gilchrist.

"The Man Who Made a Baby" by Harvey Jacobs.

"Birdseed for Our Feathered Fans" by John Clute.

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Pohl, Frederik. THE BEST OF FREDERIK POHL. Collection. 1975. Ballantine 24507, \$1.95.

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"Punch".

"Three Portraits and a Prayer".

"Day Million".
 "Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus".
 "We Never Mention Aunt Nora".
 "Father of the Stars".
 "The Day the Martians Came".
 "The Mides Plague".
 "The Snowman".
 "How to Count on Your Fingers".
 "Grumpy Devil".
 "Spaced Trap".
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 "Anything".
 "Hail".
 "The Smallest God".
 "The Stars Look Down".
 "Doubled in Brass".
 "Reincarnate".
 "Carillon of Skulls".
 "Come Without Eagles".
 "My Name is Legion".
 "Though Poppies Grow".
 "Lunar Landing".
 "Fifth Freedom".
 "How the Gods Love".
 "Though Dreamers Die".
 "Fool's Errand".
 "The One-Eyed Man".
 "And the Darkness".
 "Shadows of Empire".
 "Irrespressible Facsimile".
 "Conditioned Reflex".
 "Over the Top".
 "Mind Between the Worlds".
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Reynolds, Mack. TOMORROW MIGHT BE DIFFERENT. Novel. 1975. Ace 61670, \$1.25.

AMAZON PLANET. Novel. 1975. Ace 01950, \$1.25.

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 Russell, Eric Frank. THE GREAT EXPLOSION. Novel. 1962, 1975. Equinox 23820, \$1.95.

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 Introduction by Joanna Russ.
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 "Ferdinando Eboli".
 "The Evil Eye".
 "The Dream".
 "The Mourner".
 "The False Rhymer".
 "A Tale of the Passions; or, The Death of Oespinia".
 "The Mortal Immortal".
 "Transformation".
 "The Swiss Peasant".
 "The Invisible Girl".
 "The Brother and Sister".
 "The Parvenue".
 "The Poet".
 "Euphrasia".
 "The Elder Son".
 "The Pilgrims".

Silverberg, Robert. SUNRISE ON MERCURY. Collection. 1975. Nelson, \$6.95.
 "Sunrise on Mercury".
 "Hi Diddle Oiddle".
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 "There Was an Old Woman—".
 "Alarac".
 "The Macaulay Circuit".
 "Company Store".
 "After the Myths Went Home".
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 Nelson, \$6.95.
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 "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster.
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 "Jupiter Five" by Arthur C. Clarke.
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 "Waster than Empires, and More So".
 "What's It Like Out There".
 Editor. NEW DIMENSIONS 5. Orig. Series. 1975.
 Harper, \$7.95.
 "Find the Lady" by Nicholas Fisk.
 "A Solly Drink, a Saffel Fragrance" by Dorothy Gilbert.
 "A Scarab in the City of Time" by Marta Randall.
 "Theodora and Theodora" by Robert Thurston.
 "A Day in the South Quad" by Felix C. Gotschall.
 "Rogue Tomato" by Michael Bishop.
 "The Mothers' March on Ecstasy" by George Alec Effinger.
 "The Local Allosaurus" by Steven Utley.
 "Achievements" by David Wise.
 "The Dybbuk Dolls" by Jack Dann.
 "The Mirror at Sunset" by Gill Lamont.
 "Report to Headquarters" by Barry R. Halzberg.
 "Museum Piece" by Drew Mendelson.
 "White Creatures" by Gregory Benford.
 "The Contributors to Plenum Four" by Michael Bishop.
 "Sail the Tide of Mourning" by Richard A. Lupoff.
 BORN WITH THE DEAD. Collection—three novellas. 1975. Vantage, 147, \$1.95.
 "Born With the Dead".
 "Thomas the Proclaimer".
 "Going".

Simak, Clifford D. Novel. 1951. Ace B1001, \$1.25.

ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE. Novel. 1975. Berkley/Putnam, (Book Club).

Stableford, Brian M. SMAN SONG. Novel. 1975.
 Ace U1171, \$1.25.

Sutphen, Van Tassel. THE DOOMSMAN. Novel. 1966, 1975. Gregg (G.K. Hall & Co.), \$13.50.
 Introduction by Thomas O. Clareson.

van Vogt, A. E. REFLECTIONS OF A.E. VAN VOGT. 1975.
 Autobiography. Fictioneer. \$3.50.

SLAM. Novel. 1940, 1945, 1951, 1968, 1975. Berkley B2900, 96c.

Wells, Robert. THE SPACEJACKS. Novel. 1975. Berkley B2847, 95c.

Wilhelm, Kate. THE INFINITY BOX. Collection. 1975.
 Harper & Row, \$8.95.
 Introduction by Kate Wilhelm.
 "The Infinity Box".
 "The Time Piece".
 "The Red Canary".
 "Man of Letters".
 "April Fools' Day Forever".
 "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?".
 "The Fusion Bomb".
 "The Village".
 "The Funeral".

Wollheim, Donald A. THE 1975 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF. Editor. Anthology. 1975. Daw U1170, \$1.50.
 Introduction by Donald A. Wollheim.

"A Song for Lya" by George R. R. Martin.
 "Deathsong" by Sydney J. Van Scoy.
 "A Full Member of the Club" by Bob Shaw.
 "The Sun's Tears" by Brian M. Stableford.
 "The Gift of Garrigoli" by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluh.
 "The Four-Hour Fugue" by Alfred Bester.
 "Tudg" by Gordon R. Dickson.
 "Cathodionic Odyssey" by Michael Bishop.
 "The Bleeding Man" by Craig Strete.
 "Stranger in Paradise" by Isaac Asimov.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

AMAZING. July, 1975. Vol. 49, No. 1. 75c. Ted White, Editor. Cover by Steve Fabian.
 Serial: MARINE: ALASTOR 933 by Jack Vance (Part One).
 Novelle: "The Way of Our Fathers" by Daphne Castell.
 Short Stories: "Lord of Rays" by R. Young.
 "Fully Automated, With Low Down Payment" by Linda Isaacs.
 Article: "Somehow, I Don't Think We're in Kansas, Toto" by Harlan Ellison.
 Editorial: by Ted White.
 The Club House: by Susan Wood. (Fanzine Reviews).
 The Future in Books: (Reviews) by Cy Chauvin, Grant Carrington, Thomas F. Monteleone.

AMAZING. September 1975. Vol. 49, No. 2. 75c. Ted White, Editor. Cover by Mike Hinge.
 Short Stories: "What is Happening to Sarah Anne Lawrence?" by Ted White.
 "To Gain a Dream" by William Rotsler.
 "Deliveryman" by Richard L. Peck.
 Serial: MARINE: ALASTOR 933 by Jack Vance (Conclusion).
 Editorial: by Ted White.
 Science in Science Fiction: "The Exploration of Venus" by Greg Benford.

ANALOG. June, 1975. Vol. XCV, No. 6. \$1. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by John Schoenherr.
 Serial: DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny. (Part One of Three Parts).
 Novelle: "Snowball at Perihelion" by Glen M. Bever.
 Short Stories: "Wheel of Fire" by Barbara Bartholomew.
 "Fault" by James Gunn.
 "Swiss Movement" by Eric Vinicoff and Marcia Martin.

Science Fact: "Velikovsky's Catastrophism: A Scientific View" by Dr. Irving Michelson.
 Editorial: "More So Blind" by Ben Bova.
 The Reference Library: Book reviews by Lester del Rey.

ANALOG. July, 1975. Vol. XCV, No. 7. \$1. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by John Schoenherr.
 Novelle: "And Seven Times Never Kill a Man" by George R. R. Martin.
 "Down on Banderlog Farm" by Robert Borski.
 Short Stories: "Magine" by Walter L. Fisher.
 "All the Chances of Sycorax" by Alan Brennert.
 "None So Blind" by Hayford Peirce.
 Serial: DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny. (Part Two of Three Parts).
 Science Fact: "Energy and Survival: The Fork in the Road" by Norman Spinrad.
 Editorial: "Energy Marketplace" by Ben Bova.
 The Reference Library: Book Reviews by Alys Budrys.

ANALOG. August, 1975. Vol. XCV, No. 8. \$1. Ben Bova, Editor. Cover by Andrei Sokolov.
 Short Stories: "Consort" by Jerry Pournelle.
 "Doing Well While Doing Good" by Hayford Peirce.
 Novelle: "The Peddler's Apprentice" by Joan and Victor Vinge.
 Serial: DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny. (Conclusion).

Special Features: "The Legacy of Apollo-Goyuz" by James E. Oberg.
"Soviet Space Art" by F.C. Durant, III.
Science Fact: "Far Out Physics" by Dr. Robert L. Forward.
Editorial: "Melvin Throop Strikes Back" by Ben Bova.
The Reference Library: Book Reviews by Lester del Rey.

FANTASY. August, 1975. Vol. 24, No. 5. 75¢. Ted White, Editor. Cover by Harry Rolland.
Novelists: "Hollows on the Guns Slopes" by R. R. Lafferty.
"Death From the Sea" by Harvey Schreiber.
Short Stories: "Transfer" by Barry N. Malzberg.
"The Devil His Oul" by Joe Haldeman.
Serial: COUNT BRASS by Michael Moorcock. (Conclusion).
Editorial: by Ted White.
Literary Swordsmen & Sorcerers: "El-Non of the City of Brass" by L. Sprague de Camp.
Fantasy Books: Reviews by Fritz Leiber.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. June, 1975. Vol. 48, No. 6, Whole Number 289. \$1. Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by Ron Malotky.
Novelists: THE STEPHENSON MAN (3rd of 3 parts).
Novelists: "The Black Hole Passed" by John Varley.
"The Descended Into Hell" by Mary-Carter Roberts.
Short Stories: "Coming Again" by Bill Pronzini and Barry N. Malzberg.
"Amabelle, I Love You" by Mildred Clingerman.
"Floss Sub Marine" by M.W. Whyte.
"Flies by Night" by Lisa Tuttle and Steven Utley.
"Risk" by Joanna Russ.
Cartoon: Gahan Wilson.
Articles: "That Buck Rogers Stuff" by Ron Goulart.
Films: "Oracula Redux" by Baird Searles.
Science: "The Olympian Snows" by Isaac Asimov.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. July, 1975. Vol. 49, No. 1, Whole Number 290. \$1. Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Cover by Mazy and Schell.
Novelists: "Headpan" by Edward Weilen.
Novelists: "A Galaxy Called Rome" by Barry N. Malzberg.
Short Stories: "Owl" by Vance Andahli.
"Players at Null-0" by Algis Budrys, Theodore R. Cogswell and Ted Thomas.
"A Drop of Dragon's Blood" by Philip Latham.
"A Day in the Apotheosis of the Welfare State" by Phyllis MacLennan.
"For the Birds" by Stephen Barr.
Books: Reviews by Richard Delap.
Films: "Simulacra Suburbia" by Baird Searles.
Cartoon: by Gahan Wilson.
Science: "Mitanic Surprise" by Isaac Asimov.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. August, 1975. Vol. 49, No. 2. \$1. Edited by Edward L. Ferman. Cover by David Hardy. (Whole Number 291).
Novelists: "San Diego Lightfoot Sue" by Tom Reamy.
"The Crown Jewels of Jerusalem" by Avram Davidson.
Short Stories: "Terminal" by Charles Runyon.
"The Rise and Fall of the Fourth Reich" by Henry Slesar.
"Earliest and Evening Star" by Isaac Asimov.
"The Curious Case of Henry Dickens" by Robert F. Young.
"Dr. Snow Maiden" by Larry Eisenberg.
"Falling Apart" by Ron Goulart.
Books: Reviews by Alene & Cory Panshin.
Films: "Electra and the Beast" by Baird Searles.
Cartoon: by Gahan Wilson.
Science: "The Wicked Witch is Dead" by Isaac Asimov.
FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Sept. 1975. Vol. 49, No. 3. \$1. Edited by Edward L. Ferman. Cover by Mazy & Schell. (Whole Number 292).
Novelists: "Dream by Number" by Robert Thurston.
"The Final Fighting of Lion Mac Cumhail" by Randall Garrett.
"The Problem of the Sore Bridge - Among Others"

by Harry Manders.
Science Fiction: "My Way Home" by Brian Maly.
"Grandfather Clause" by Theodore R. Cogswell.
"Valentine, Bogart, Dean and Other Ghosts" by Raylyn Moore and John Penney.
"The Runners" by George R. R. Martin.
Books: "H.P. Lovecraft and Others" by Algis Budrys.
Cartoon: by Gahan Wilson.
Films: by Baird Searles.
Science: "The Wrong Turning" by Isaac Asimov.

GALAXY. July, 1975. Vol. 36, No. 5. \$1. Edited by James Baen. Cover by Wendy Pinl.
Novelists: "The Eternity Engine" by Jack Williamson.
"The Venging" by Greg Bear.
Short Stories: "Elephant With Wooden Leg" by JOHN Sladek.
"Let Darkness Fall" by Greg Hartmann.
"The Flood" by Herbie Abrams.
Serial: HELM by Arsen Ramay. (Part 2 of 3).
Bookshelf: Reviews by Spider Robinson.
A Step Farther Out: "The New Faces of Big Science" by Jerry Pournelle.
Showcase: Wendy Pinl.

GALAXY. July 1975. Vol. 36, No. 6. \$1. James Baen, Editor. Cover by Sternbach.
Novelists: "Finker" by Jerry Pournelle.
Novelists: "The Thinker of Iryllmyr" by Jon Gules.
Short Stories: "Syncope and Fugue" by Robert Sheekley.
"I Was I Dare Not Meet in Dreams" by William Chait.
"Pages Writ" by Sam Nicholson.
Serial: HELM by Arsen Ramay. (Conclusion).
Forum: "Some Parameters of SF, A Biased View" by Roger Zelazny.
A Step Farther Out: "Life Among the Asteroids" by Jerry Pournelle.
Galaxy Stars: "Jerry Pournelle" by Larry Niven.

PERRY RHODAN. #70. A.C. 66054, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.
Editorial: "Interviewing Forry Rhodan" by John Waman.
Novel: THORAS'S SACRIFICE by Kurt Brand.
Sciencefilm World: "Rocketship X-M".
Short Stories: "The Alien Meant Well" by Mike Bunch.
"Sol Support" by Chet Edwards.
Serial: NEW LENS MAN by William B. Eilern. Part 10.
The Perryscope: Letters.
PERRY RHODAN. #71. A.C. 66055, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.
Editorial: "Recruits for Rhodon" by Tim Whalen.
Novel: THE ALON HELL OF GAUTIER by Kurt Mahr.
Novelists: "Magician of Ocean Valley" by Raymond Z. Gallun.
Serial: NEW LENS MAN by William B. Eilern. Part 11.
The Perryscope: Letters.

PERRY RHODAN. #72. A.C. 66056, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.
Editorial: by "Guest Alien" Merr-tan.
Novel: CAVES OF THE DROUFS by Kurt Mahr.
Short Story: "Lost Planet" by Frank Belnap Long, Jr.
Sciencefilm World: "Der Herr Der Welt" (Master of the World).
Serial: NEW LENS MAN by William B. Eilern. Part 12.
The Perryscope: Letters.

PERRY RHODAN. #73. A.C. 66057, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.
Novel: SPACESHIP OF ANCESTORS by Clark Darlton.
Short Story: "The Man From 2890" by Ray Cummings.
Serial: THE NEW LENS MAN by William B. Eilern. Part 13.
The Perryscope: Letters.

PERRY RHODAN. #74. A.C. 66058, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.

Novel: CHECKMATE: UNIVERSE by Kurt Mahr.
Short Story: "Two Sane Men" by Oliver E. Saarl.
Serial: THE NEW LENS MAN by William B. Eilern.
 Part 14.
Rhodonian: Definitions.
Perryscope: Letters.

PERRY RHODAN. #75. A.C. 66059, \$1.25. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor. 1975.
Editorial: "Lady's Day" by Cara Sherman.
Novel: PLANET TOPIQUE, PLEASE REPLY by Kurt Brand.
Short Story: "The Smile" by Ray Bradbury.
Sciencefilm World: METROPOLIS, by Forrest J. Ackerman.
Serial: THE MAN ON THE METEOR by Ray Cummings.
 Part 1.
The Rhodonian: Definitions.
The Perryscope: Letters.

VERTICE. Aug. 1975. Volume 3, No. 4. \$1. Donald J. Pfall, Editor. Cover lilo by Mogens Rogers.
Fiction: "Brain Terminal" by Edward Bryant.
"Landing Party" by William Rotsler.
"A Patch of Heaven" by Gene Vanfroyer.
"Kenophobe" by Steve Goldin.
Potpourri: (Very Short Fiction): "Common Demonator" by B. J. Brouse.
"I, Realist" by Samuel Henderson.
"Spirit of '76" by Donald Franson.
"Adventure" by F. M. Busby.
"Caring for Your Edaphosaurus" by Steven Utley.
Interview: Norman Spinrad by Arthur Cover.
Science Article: "Wall's Universe" by Neil Shapiro.
"The Big Planet" by L. G. Blackburn.
Reprint Graphics: FLASH GORDON

WHISPERS. #6-7. June, 1975. V. 2, No. 2-3. This Issue: \$3.50. Stuart Schiff, Editor. Cover by Frank Uptale.
Fiction: "The Glove" by Fritz Leiber.
"Hamdandy" by Carl Jacobson.
"Ladies in Waiting" by Hugh B. Cave.
"The Incoherence" by Henry Kesse.
"The Beasts that Perish" by Wendy Wade Wellman.
"The Fourth Seal" by Edward Wagner.
"Marionette" by Joseph Payne Brennan.
"The Survivor" by Joseph Payne Brennan.
Articles: "One Day in the Life of H.P. Lovecraft" by Frank Belnap Long.
"Robert L. Howard: An Autobiographical Letter" by Robert L. Howard.
"A Letter to H. Warner Munz" by Farnsworth Wright.
"Story Writing: A Letter From H. P. Lovecraft" by H. P. Lovecraft.
"Anthropology: Folkways of Fandom" by H. Hoffman price.
Editorial: by Stuart Schiff.

News.
Book Reviews: by Stuart Schiff and Dave Orake.
The End: Final Editorial by Schiff.
Poetry: "What They Said" by James Wade.
"Samet: 1949" by James Wade.
"Artistic Wood-Carving" by Mary Elizabeth Counselman.
"Octopus" by L. Sprague de Camp.
"All Hallows" by H. Warner Munz.

WRO. #5. 1975. 75¢. Greg Stafford, Editor. Cover by Gene Day.
Editorial: by Greg Stafford.
Fiction: "The Unicorns, Or Beasts of Mystery" by Ron Moxham.
Untitled pun by Brian Crist.
"The Funeral of Thymis the Warlock" (conclusion) by David Modison.
"Cad Goddau, the Battle of the Trees" by Gene Day.
"A Winged Shadow" by Chet Goffred.
"Translation of An Ogham Stick (with Footnotes)" by Greg Stafford.

ALIEN CONCLUSIONS

You may have noticed there are no publisher's addresses in the Archives this issue. Next issue they'll be present with a few changed addresses and new entries.

#

Now I'll commune with all the letters of comment I've received—and not had room to publish—and give a run-down of sentiment.

As is obvious from my opening editorial, I took a harsh realignment with reality in re the Elwood Comment in SFR 13, and from almost all the readers who commented. Most made the point that what Elwood does with his books is his affair. Some even pointed out my own occasional dictatorial actions in these magazines. I have given these readers' names to the CIA for their Action File.

Milt Stevens' "Visit To a Small Planet" received good notices. Milt is urged to contribute again.

Hardly any comment on the Ellison piece about the Delap interview/article in SFR #12. The few reactions were favorable in appreciating an author of note talking interestingly and revealingly about himself.

"The Gimlet Eye" was appreciated by Mike Gilbert, obviously, and a few others liked it. Nobody didn't like it. If I can afford it, next issue I'll have stats made of the covers and illos Jon discusses. It should enhance the column muchly.

An editor complained of a lack of book reviews in #13, and two or three others also noted the paucity. This issue should fill that need. I would like to do more reading than I manage.

A lot of readers thought I'd Get In Trouble with my review of THE FEMALE MAN. Not so. Not yet. It seems that virtually every other reviewer wrote a similar review, in the sf fan/pro world.

Denys Howard's letters provoked a lot of comment, some sympathetic to his stand, but mostly the writers said that Ursula isn't obligated to show homosexuals in her novels of the future; they are her books and she is the dictator of

content. Let Denys write his own books if he feels so strongly about Gay Lib.

Several people liked the return to the "half" sized format of #13. I suppose they will turn on me, snarling, for this format. It's all economics, folks, and the work involved.

Speaking of economics and work.... I'm writing a porno novel for Beeline. That is, I think I'm writing it. I made a few changes in the sixth clause in the contract they sent. I have not had word yet if my changes are acceptable. I'm supposed to get the first \$500. check any day now. According to the contract I should get the check by Aug. 2nd. If I don't I'll give New York a call and see what gives. If I do get the check I will of course complete the book.

Whazzat? You want to know the title of the novel? My working title is MY FATHER, MY PIMP. It's about this seven-year old girl who....

WHY I'm writing a porno novel after having been out of that field for a few years is because I need the money. Taxes on this home will be at least \$490. This November, and I had to have the oil furnace looked at, and had to have the oil tank filled.... (Since writing the "Alien Thoughts") and...and...and... more bills keep materializing. In short, SFR doesn't quite, at this time, make enough profit to meet my discovered needs. So it's back to the fuck books for a while.

Also—I'm going to have 4000 copies of this issue printed. I'm going to attempt to build up the bookstore sales to equal ALGOL's—that being the simplest and least expensive method to increase paid circulation—and I think this issue—with the important Farmer interview—will be in considerable demand as time goes by and Phil's stature increases. I have lots of room for storing back issues.

Work, work, work. Where will it end? (Don't tell me. I know. I've got the coffin already picked out.) Curious—I'm not a workaholic, but I get antsy if I've got too much spare time...and if I don't have enough money.

#

I found a little item I wrote some time ago in a file, and I'll quote it here.

'It is said that the truth shall make us free. But truth makes us cringe, and turn away, and pretend. If you can face the truth you have the pretenders at your mercy, if you have any mercy left after having faced the truth.'

Also: 'I've often wondered why very old people don't go on murdering binges, in order to possess that final piece of human knowledge and experience, and to have no regrets. What do they have to lose? What would happen if old people started doing that, in large numbers?'

#

Tim Whalen, Chairman of the first Perry Rhodan convention wrote a letter defending/explaining the PR bookmags and the PR readers...and I promised to print the letter—and promised to read a few PERRY RHODAN adventures to see if my initial reaction had or would change.

The letter will be in SFR #15 and I hope to get time to do that reading.

#

Paul Walker wrote about the Lupoff/Asinov/SECOND EXPERIMENT ruckus: he did not think the book as bad as Lupoff and I, finishing with: '...I think you and



DAMN CHAIN LETTERS!

Lupoff's reactions were exaggerated, to damn it as 'unpublishable' you have first to answer the question "Why do publishers print books that are obvious failures?"

An obvious artistic failure ain't necessarily an obvious financial failure.

#

It begins to appear that I'll NEVER get Darrell Schweitzer's article, "Science Fiction's Greatest Disaster—Hugo Gernsbeck!" into print. I'll keep putting it into the next issue file, though.

Darrell writes that a collection of his interviews with sf authors will be published soon by T-K Graphics. Next issue's interview with L. Sprague de Camp is one of them. I hope to up-date and supplement that interview with questions of my own.

#

I am it appears in the business of listing letters left out of this issue. Here's another, from Robert Reginald who puts out the Cumulative SF Index and who has interesting comment on the Malzberg/Tuck/Advent thrashing-out in SFR 12-13. Again, next issue.

#

Charles Hillestad took the trouble to yowl in legitimate complaint that a Lancer book he bought, THE MINDWARPERS by Eric Frank Russell (75¢14, 95¢) is

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packaged as science fiction, complete with misleading cover and blurb, while in fact it is not. It is, Charles says, 'a pre-James Bond, third-rate spy story.'

I guess Lancer was pretty desperate and irresponsible in the days before bankruptcy claimed them.

#

It is sad to report this, but GALAXY has now a very bad reputation as to paying its authors. They are way, way behind, and I have heard that about the only way to pry money from the parent corporation is to hire a lawyer and seriously threaten to take them to court.

I am not affected by the payments problem, since I write my GALAXY column in exchange for advertising SFR.

#

George Warren, in a letter I wish I had room to print, suggests that the sf magazines are dying 'of Natural Selection' and that the next step is to a pocketbook format—a non-periodical book-a-zine like PERRY RHODAN.

I have suggested this metamorphosis to Jim Baen, editor of GALAXY, in a phone conversation, but he doesn't like it.

Something will have to be done, I imagine. It's a possibility that before long two magazines will remain: F&SF, and ANALOG.

#

'The Hebrew word for "chaos" in the first chapter of Genesis implies "ruin after destruction." Could the world have been formed over several billion years, destroyed by a war between God and Satan, then put back like it was in six days?'

—Buzz Dixon

Yes, if Satan won and lied a lot.

#

'I don't read smut much; not after two solid years of reading and editing it for a living. After that solid glut of eat me, daddy, eight to the bar, all I have to do is tilt my head to one side and dirty words start pouring out

of my ear. They have this way of rearranging themselves on the floor when they're lying there so as to read FUCK ME UP THE ASS, BABY. Veddly embarrassing don't you know especially when one is having the vicar to tea.'

—George Warren

#

I have some room left, so I will indulge myself in some commentary on the national and international scene, with special emphasis on economic matters.

I note that Gerald Ford is very busy making a solid record as a skin-flint and heartless miser in re his many vetoes of spending bills. Further, his desire and maneuvering to take or allow controls off natural gas and "old" oil in this country is going to label him a lackey of big business and big oil.

Combine these actions with the sure-to-come gas and oil price increases this fall, and higher food prices, and you behold a President as cannon fodder, a fall guy who will (if he gets the Republican nomination) be beaten by whichever Democrat the Democrats nominate, next year.

I still think he'll resign or decide not to run ("Because of Betty's health"). I note she was very tired because of jet lag and loss of sleep in Finland the other day. But Gerry managed to make the scene and appear rested and coherent. (At least as coherent as he can be. It has been noted by observers that Ford has a hole in his back and that Henry Kissinger stands close beside him at all times. Henry's lips are seen to move as Ford "speaks".)

The stock market is running head on into this winter and is worried. "Inflation" is in gear again and interest rates are going up to try to keep investors' noses above the surface. The public's money supply (after necessities are bought and paid for) is not increasing. The car makers will be in trouble for another year, as will the housing market. So unemployment will stay about the same into next spring—if it doesn't get worse.

Happy days. See you in November.

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CONTENTS

The *Index* is arranged alphabetically by author, with books listed alphabetically by title under each author's name. Full bibliographic information is provided for each book reviewed. Citations to reviews follow each book and give magazine code, volume and issue

numbers, pagination of review, date of issue, and reviewer. There are citations to about 14,000 reviews of 6,900 books reviewed in the 250 magazines indexed.

Two-part appendix: Part 1, a record of the science fiction magazines from 1923 to 1973, includes

all available data on each magazine. Part 2 is a title checklist of the general, amateur, and library magazines covered by the index, with date coverage started.

Two brief listings: A list of the major science fiction indexes, and an editor index to the science fiction magazines.

ALSO OF INTEREST...

CUMULATIVE PAPERBACK INDEX, 1939-1959: A Comprehensive Bibliographic Guide to 14,000 Mass-Market Paperback Books of 33 Publishers Issued under 69 Imprints. Edited by Robert Reginald and M. R. Burgess. xxiv + 362 pages. Three sections: 230-page author section, 132-page title index, and publisher specifications section. Published 1973. \$24.00.

The *author section* presents material alphabetically by author with works by the same author arranged alphabetically. Each entry gives author, title, publisher, stock number, year of publication, and price. The *title index* lists titles and authors for easy referral to the detailed author section. The *publisher specification section*, arranged by publisher and publisher imprint, offers an informational and statistical survey of the companies covered.

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